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(See inside.)

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No. 881.]

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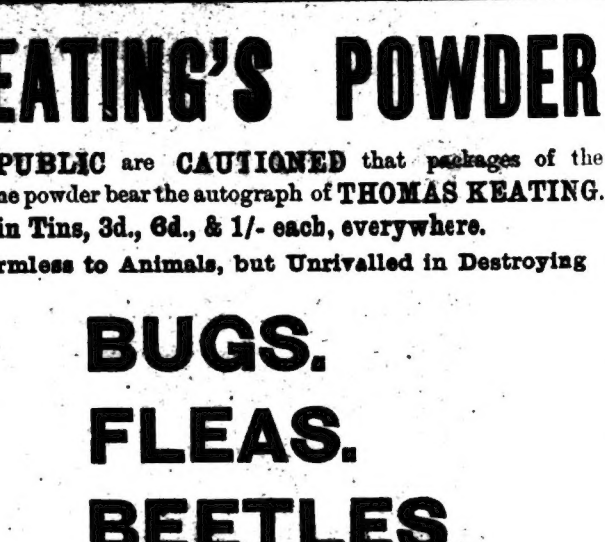
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No. 881.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 6, 1907.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

MY MOST MEMORABLE PERFORMANCE

By Some Famous Artists.



[In the case of an artist of the first rank who necessarily has his powers fully under control, it might be thought that his performances would vary little in quality, day in, day out. But even with the most accomplished of artists there are times when, for one reason or another, he is conscious of being inspired beyond the ordinary, and it is of such memorable occasions that some famous favourites of the public have themselves been good enough to supply particulars.]

By Mr. DAVID FRANGCON-DAVIES, M.A., Prof. R.A.M., famous for his work in oratorio and great choral festivals, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, and an eminent authority on everything connected with singing.

Most certainly there are "times and seasons" in a singer's life and work.

His career is tidal, and, at whiles, there comes an inflowing, swelling full-tide which is the result of the ceaseless working of a persistent law—that of attraction.

As the moon draws the tide, so a clear, shining ideal attracts the powers of spirit and of mind which sweep away all limitations and break down all barriers for the time being. In the result we have "memorable occasions."

These, in my experience, have occurred in relation to three works in particular. They are Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Wagner's *Parsifal*, Elgar's *The Apostles*. The first and third of these compositions have fallen to my lot at divers times and in many places. The second I have not sung so frequently.

In regard to these, there have been three outstanding experiences in my career.

(1) With reference to *Elijah*, I remember with gratitude of an especial kind performances all over England and America. But I think the climax came at the Exeter Diamond Jubilee Festival in November, 1906. I seemed to see and understand Mendelssohn's idea of the character of the Prophet more clearly than theretofore.

(2) I shall never forget singing the music of "Amfortas" in Wagner's *Parsifal* in the presence of Frau Cosima Wagner at Villa Wahnfried, Bayreuth, some few years ago. A bust of the great composer stood on a pedestal close at hand, and I seemed to feel the influence of the genius of the great man in a very marked manner.

(3) Sir Edward Elgar's *The Apostles* has helped me, in my life and art, more than I can say.

The rôle of the Founder of Christianity is a supreme effort in creative art. I have been privileged to sing it on many occasions, and it was written with especial reference to my work and myself by the composer. Whenever the work has been performed, my experience has been profound. One occasion stands out. It was at the Norwich Festival on October 26th, 1905, when Sir Edward Elgar directed a never-to-be-forgotten performance. All the soloists, chorus, orchestra, seemed to be no less inspired than the inspired composer of the work.

D. Frangcon Davies.

By COURTICE POUNDS, for long a reigning favourite at the Savoy and a most delightful and accomplished artist.

My recent journey with Mr. Beerbohm Tree to Berlin to play the Clown in *Twelfth Night*, reminds me especially of my first visit to the German capital some years ago when I was a member of the Savoy company which went there to play *The Mikado*, and induces me to single out this as one of the most memorable performances in which I have taken part.

Certainly it was a noteworthy occasion, if only for the brilliant audience which greeted us. The front of the house was quite dazzling in its splendour, and chief amongst the many famous people there was the Crown Prince Frederick, who came not only the first night, but three or four nights each week for the remainder of our

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stay. Whilst as for the audience in general, nothing could have exceeded their enthusiasm.

Apart from the theatre I have good cause to remember that visit from the fact that I was nearly "run in," tho' it was not a case of too much lager beer!

Another man in the company and I were staying at the same hotel, and one night after the performance we were both taken ill and had to send for the hotel doctor. We did not like the hotel, and next day, having recovered, changed our quarters, paying for the doctor's attendance when settling the bill.

A week or so later, returning to our new hotel, we were surprised, not to say alarmed, to find two German officials awaiting us, our rooms sealed up, and in general the dickens to pay. Naturally we could not make out what it was all about, and it was some time before we grasped the explanation.

It appeared that as the doctor who attended us had been called in after 8 o'clock in the evening he was entitled to charge double fees. The people at our hotel, however, had forgotten this and only entered on our bills the ordinary day-fee, and the doctor, without asking for any explanation had placed the matter in the hands of the police, who had taken it up with prompt avidity.

I also remember very well a performance of *The Marquis* in America. A fellow-artist and myself had just gone in enthusiastically for photography, and one night we attempted to take a flashlight photograph in the dressing-room, with the result that we set the room on fire and caused an amount of consternation which you can imagine!

We were unlucky with our flashlight photography, for after having been forbidden under the most fearful pains and penalties to bring a camera anywhere near the theatre again, we made another attempt to take one at our hotel and the fire brigade had to be hastily summoned. But all this has nothing to do with the first night of *The Mikado* in Berlin, which will ever rank as one of the most memorable performances in my career.

Courtice Pounds.

By Mr. CHARLES MANNERS, of the famous Moody-Manners Opera Company.

I AM afraid in asking me, as far as my own feelings were concerned, when it was I sang with the greatest enjoyment and satisfaction to myself, I really don't know how to answer you, because I feel even if I do you won't believe me. I cannot remember a single time in my life that I have ever sung with any pleasure.

The misery of the whole thing and the effect it has on my nerves is pitiable, and if I had known twenty-five years ago that I would make no name for myself as a singer I should indeed have been glad, for I should certainly have given up any idea of the profession.

In fact, the only thing that kept me, at the beginning of my career in this profession, to it was a hope that I might eventually be successful; but that and all my ambitions, partly through the miserable state of things, musically speaking, in this country, and partly, I suppose, from my own incompetency, it is not to be.

My next ambition was that I might help to found National Opera in English, and eventually National English Opera. But this ambition is fast following in the track of the previous one, and the whole thing looks very hopeless.

Charles Manners

By Miss AMY CASTLES, the charming Australian singer.

My most memorable performance was perhaps on the occasion of a great farewell concert which I was giving in the Exhibition Building, in Melbourne, when an audience of 20,000 people had been crammed into the enormous hall.

As it happened, I was not feeling at all well that night, having become somewhat tired after the trying ordeal of a farewell tour of Australia and New Zealand. I really did not feel at all as though I would be able to get through my portion of the programme, even the sight of the great crowd before me failing to rouse me very greatly.

In the middle of the programme I had to sing an

NEW CONTEST OF BRAINS

UNLIMITED CASH PRIZES FOR
INGENIOUS READERS.

First of all, what is a limerick? It is a verse built on lines, similar to the following:

There was a young fellow of Burleigh,
Whose hair was short, crisp, and curly,
But the side of his face
Had got out of place,
And made him look awfully surly.

Below you will find the first four lines of a limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the announcement, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the LIMERICK EDITOR, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Closing date, Tuesday, June 10.

The whole of the amount received will be divided amongst the ten competitors whose attempts are considered by the adjudicator to be the best. No deduction whatever will be made in any shape or form.

We guarantee to distribute a sum of not less than £10, so that the winners will, at all events, be certain of securing a sovereign each.

The method of deciding the contest is a novel one. The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN,

the famous serial writer, whose stories are so well known to the readers of this paper.

The published decision must be accepted as final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

There lived a typewriter at Tring,
Who had an idea she could sing.
One night a high note
Got stuck in her throat

Name

Address

aria by Verdi. This was the moment chosen by the photographers for taking a flashlight of a concert audience, the size of which, I believe, has never been equalled in Australia.

Just as the flash was made an accident occurred, through which some of the fittings caught fire. A cry of alarm was immediately raised, and a rush was made for the exits.

I perceived this, and, although I have often wondered since how it was that I managed to do the thing, I remained on the platform and sang.

I was so frightened myself that I thought I would collapse, but I seemed to feel instinctively that many lives were at stake, and that they depended upon me alone! I simply had to sing my best.

I did so, for after the concert my friends assured me that they had never heard me do so well. Of course, in an audience of that size many people who were present did not know until they saw the papers next day that they had been in very great danger. But that it was a real danger was shown by the fact that one poor old lady who had been in the crush had to be taken away to the hospital, where she died a day later.

Conductor

By Mr. NORMAN SALMOND, the popular stage and concert singer, who made his name as the Jovial Monk in "La Poupée."

Two or three occasions in my career stand out as having left behind them particularly pleasant memories.

The first was the opening of the Royal English Opera House in January, 1891, when I played Richard Coeur de Lion in *Ivanhoe*.

Then, in oratorio, I especially remember a fine performance of Haydn's *Creation* at Glasgow in association with Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli in the autumn of 1893. But if I ever was inspired, which I take leave to doubt, it must have been on the occasion of my first appearance in *La Poupée*, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, in February, 1897—at least, I presume so, from the extraordinary and, to me, unforgettable outburst of enthusiasm which followed my singing of the famous number "A Jovial Monk Am I" from that delightful comic opera.

Norman Salmond

See that you get the Fresh Air Fund Leaflet inset in this number.

A CONVINCING LOVE STORY.

MR.
SEdgeLEY'S
ORDEAL

By ROBERT HAMILTON.



R. JOSEPH SEEDGELEY'S manner was cold, haughty, impassive. People regarded him as the personification of stern, upright—if somewhat pompous—business probity; and general opinion, which has an unhappy knack of finding itself falsified sooner or later, was not far wrong in his case. His honesty and his unswerving sense of order and justice were his pride, and if he ever was troubled with emotional weakness of any sort he contrived to hide it under a portentously grave exterior.

Just now, however, in the privacy of his business sanctuary, face to face with a delinquent junior clerk, the mask was raised; the serene brow was clouded, and the clear, honest eyes were stern and sorrowful. "A terrible business! Dreadful!" he muttered gloomily.

The lad, pale-faced and frightened, aimlessly scanning the floor, quailed visibly, but said nothing.

"There is only one redeeming feature in the case," proceeded Mr. Sedgely, "and that is your confession of the theft in time to prevent a grave miscarriage of justice in regard to Higgins. But that belated impulse of manliness only makes your crime appear the more pitiful and inexplicable."

He paused, cleared his throat sharply, and resumed with gathering warmth. "By heaven, Archie Moorvale, you have wilfully ruined yourself for life! Do you understand what that means? Bad, but a thousand times worse is the fact that your mad act will kill your poor mother as surely as though you had stuck a knife through her heart!"

The lad emitted a gasp, and winced.

"And you have placed me—in the most awkward predicament ever I was in. But—justice must, and shall, be done, and I'll do it! What have you to say for yourself before I call a policeman?"

The lad shivered and glanced up wildly, but instantly bent his head again. "Nothing," he mumbled, "except—except that I was in desperate need of the money."

"Humph! That goes without saying. But what for? I pay you a salary above your deserts; quite enough to keep your mother and yourself in comfort. Surely," he demanded, sternly eager, "it isn't that she has got into financial difficulties?"

Moorvale shook his head, and groaned. "She doesn't know," he said. "I wanted it to pay—a debt of honour."

"A debt of humbug!" cried Mr. Sedgely in a cold fury. "You—you young imbecile! So it is your idea of honour to stain your hands with crime in order to pay a gambling debt. Faugh! Do you forget what you promised me a month ago when I taxed you with being seen in doubtful company? I like you, Moorvale, although I have no cause to love your name, and if it hadn't been for my—for the respect I bear your mother—" He broke off abruptly and gave his shoulders an impatient shake. "Enough. You have broken the law and outraged my trust, therefore you must take the consequences."

He touched a knob. The tinkle of a bell was heard in the outer office. The door was pushed open on the instant, and a blank face with curiously expectant eyes looked in. "Tell Jones to fetch a constable," said Mr. Sedgely curtly.

A violent shudder shook Moorvale as the head was withdrawn. "Have mercy, sir," he gulped, pale to the lips.

"Condone your crime, you mean," said Mr. Sedgely grimly. "It is impossible. You have walked open-eyed into conflict with the law, and I as well as you would be guilty if I hesitated one moment in the execution of my clear duty as a law-abiding citizen. I couldn't, and I shouldn't, have acted otherwise although you had been my own son! It isn't my paltry loss. I'd cheerfully have given ten—a hundred times as much to know that you were worthy of being the son of such a mother!"

The lad covered his face with his hands and writhed helplessly. Mr. Sedgely's countenance had grown stolidly impassive, but as he listened to the lad's broken appeals and preterations the twitching of his hands showed how deeply he was moved. Suddenly Moorvale came defiantly erect.

"I must see my mother," he said tensely. "I won't go until I see her!"

Mr. Sedgely started. "Eh—what?" he stammered.

"I want to—to—oh, Mr. Sedgely, you won't refuse me?"

Mr. Sedgely fell back in his chair and glared vacantly at Moorvale. Such a request was not perhaps unnatural, but not only did it clash with his ideas of justice in the abstract, it brought home with stunning force the cruel fact that Mrs. Moorvale had to be told by someone, and if not by the culprit himself—who?

His heart sank like lead. He felt that no refusal was possible; yet how was the thing to be done? Wire for her—send a messenger—go himself! He clutched at his hair and almost swore.

He had met Mrs. Moorvale only once since she was a happy, winsome girl, and he a dreamer of wonderful dreams fated not to come true. That was two years ago when she had come to him in her widow's weeds and begged him to make a merchant of Archie. To go to her now with such a tale was a thought to shudder over. He could not—dare not do it!

"It's the gallows you deserve, Moorvale," he hissed.

The lad seemed to quiver in this sentiment by a nod.

"But you will send for her, sir?" he queried eagerly.

"It isn't the sending. Don't you see, you fool," snapped Mr. Sedgely, "that she must be prepared for such an interview, otherwise it might kill her outright. You are, in effect, placing on my shoulders the burden of the most hateful duty my mind can conceive."

Just then a tap came on the door. Mr. Sedgely composed his features by a strong effort. "Come in," he called, and in a moment his glance met the grave salute of a big policeman, whose keen eyes twinkled as they settled instinctively upon Moorvale.



"Be this the prisoner, sir?" he asked cheerfully. Mr. Sedgely rose hurriedly and grasped the constable's arm. "Er—come inside, please," he said. Then in a rapid whisper. "The matter requires some further investigation—or, rather, delay. Be good enough to wait here until I return. An hour or so will do it. I'll make it worth your while."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Moorvale."

Mr. Sedgely stood with his hat in his hand looking into the startled face of a soft-featured, matronly woman in a print frock and cooking apron. In the midst of his misery he thrilled as he realised how like she still was to the Hetty of old; more mature, of nobler figure, but none the less charming.

"It's you, Mr. Sedgely!" she said with a nervous little laugh. "I declare you almost startled me. Come in, if you please."

"Er—I'm afraid—"

The hard, hesitating constraint of his tone caused her to glance at him in quick anxiety. "Is there anything wrong—Archie! Nothing is amiss with my boy?" she gasped.

"He is—er—er—well."

Of course, it would never have done to blurt the thing out at once, at the door, too. Still, Mr. Sedgely felt that he had sunk perceptibly in his own good opinion.

He followed her in silence into the diminutive sitting-room, steeling his heart for the ordeal, while he noted with a dull stab of pain the proud poise of the yet beautiful head, soon to be humbled to the dust. She placed a chair for him.

"You have caught me unawares," she said smiling. "I'm in the throes of pie-making for Archie's dinner. The dear boy simply dotes on pie. But—but—" The smile died from her face as she glanced at him—"you look ill, Mr. Sedgely," she said in quick concern.

Mr. Sedgely emitted something between a snort and a groan. "I am perfectly well, I assure you," Mrs. Moorvale, he said somewhat stiffly. Then, after a furtive attempt to clear his throat of some obstruction, he continued: "Doubtless you are wondering what brought me here—Well—er—I may say I've come purposely to have a talk with you about—Archie."

Again a flash of fear came into the mother's eyes, but in a moment they were glowing with pleasure. He had already assured her that Archie was well. Therefore she was to hear what her loving heart had long expected—a eulogy of him—a spoken tribute to his business abilities from the lips of the one man in the world whose good opinion really mattered.

"Oh, Mr. Sedgely, I am so glad!" she said.

The wretched Sedgely struggled to speak. In vain. His face and forehead had gone clammy, and he pulled forth his handkerchief and wiped away the moisture. In the act he discovered that his hand was shaking violently.

"I am very, very proud of my boy, Mr. Sedgely. He is such a dear, thoughtful lad. I knew he would be sure to please you."

Mr. Sedgely strove with all his might to command himself. His face expressed nothing of the fierce struggle going on within him between his sense of duty and rank, despicable cowardice—was it really so bad as that, though? At length the sterner principle seemed to triumph, and in gloomy desperation his eyes met hers.

"He has proved himself—a thief!" he was about to say, but the dire word choked him. What he actually said was "a clever lad in many ways, especially with figures; but I—"

"Only clever, Mr. Sedgely!" queried she almost reproachfully. Then she laughed proudly, tremulously, and her glance was eloquent. "Pardon me, I know now," she said. "When you say clever you really mean ever so much more. That was your way long ago, and you haven't changed a bit. Thank you, Mr. Sedgely."

Mr. Sedgely shook his head feverishly once or twice while he frowned fiercely at the floor. She went on with motherly enthusiasm. "Oh, yes, he is far more than clever: I know that if he isn't a genius just yet he is very nearly one, besides being the best and kindest hearted boy in the world; and you know it, too. You can't deny it, for, you see, he is earning a very handsome salary indeed for a boy of eighteen, nearly twice as much as a young man downstairs much older than Archie. You are fond out, sir."

His teeth rasped together as he stifled a groan. His task grew more stupendous, more bitter, with every syllable she uttered.

"Archie has a very great admiration for you, too, Mr. Sedgely," she continued with animation. "He has told me dozens of times that you are quite the best business man in the City, and the most respected—which, of course, I know all along."

"No, no," protested Mr. Sedgely with a quick, impatient gesture. "I'm nothing but a fraud—a confounded fraud!"

The widow smiled knowingly. "Anyhow," she said, "Archie's greatest ambition is to grow up into such a man

as you, and if you were anything of that sort do you think he would—" She broke off and laughed softly. "I sometimes dream of him as something more than a successful merchant. They are only dreams, of course, but dreams sometimes come true, don't they?"

"I suppose they do—sometimes," said Mr. Sedgely numbly. Inwardly he was wondering darkly how much longer he could stand the strain without going mad.

"Well," she resumed hesitatingly, but with head proudly erect and eyes glowing; "I dream of him—not as Prime Minister; that, I know, is too absurd—but as Lord Mayor of London. It is very foolish of me, perhaps, but I have a feeling that it may come true some day. Please don't laugh, Mr. Sedgely."

It was the first of a groan, quickly smothered in a choking gurgle not unlike laughter, she heard. He looked up, and the pain in his eyes she read for contrition, and was content.

"Does it never occur to you," he began doggedly after a pause, "that he may not be worthy of—"

"Mr. Sedgely!" The mother's eyes were hard with resentment in a moment. "Archie is my son—my only child. He is incapable of unworthiness in thought, word, or deed!"

Her eyes met his appealingly, not doubting that an immediate assurance would be forthcoming, and Mr. Sedgely felt that it must be now or never. "Heaven help her!" he breathed, and in a flash he beheld a vision of himself in the guise of a hungry wolf in the act of seizing its helpless prey. An instant later, utter loathing of himself and his mission, found expression in a strained laugh. "Justice be hanged!" he muttered unsteadily.

"What was that, Mr. Sedgely?" queried Mrs. Moorvale.

"I said—I said something queer, no doubt. I've been a little worried this morning. He rose from his chair, took her hand, and bent over it reverently. "Hetty, you are an angel!" he said huskily.

The widow gasped, and her face went aflame. "A what?" she cried. Then she laughed nervously. "An angel, Mr. Sedgely? Fie—what a strange notion. What made you say such an absurd thing?"

He shook his head gravely. "Some day I may tell you," he said; "but not now—don't ask me now." He took up his hat, then turned to her again. "I should like," he said awkwardly, "I should like to come and see you sometimes. May I?"

"I shall be very glad, and so will Archie, if you will, Mr. Sedgely," said Mrs. Moorvale simply.

After he was gone she stood with knitted brows trying to discover the hidden meaning of this strange interview, but her heart was thumping violently, and her thoughts seemed to be engaged at a game of hide and seek, the pleasant and the sad together. Archie's pie seemed like to be underdone that day.

As he drove back to the office Mr. Sedgely's feelings were somewhat mixed. One moment he was humbled and ashamed by his ignoble fall from the heights of strict rectitude, the next he was thrilling to the core as his long-repressed love for Mrs. Moorvale swept like a tempest through his being. Anon, he fumed bitterly against her unhappy son. In that mood he impetuously stopped the cab at a tobacconist's, and, entering the shop, purchased a business-like rattle, then rejoined the cab.

When he entered his sanctum Moorvale was looking blankly out of the window. He wheeled instantly with white, expectant face. Ignoring him for the moment, Mr. Sedgely dismissed the waiting policeman with a few apologetic words and a guerdon, the colour of which seemed to afford the minion of the law much furtive pleasure. He saluted impressively, and departed to ponder over the strange case at his leisure.

Then Mr. Sedgely turned upon Moorvale. "Do you know what this is?" he snapped, shaking the cane furiously. "It's a cane, and it's going to give you the soundest thrashing ever you had! Take off your jacket."

The lad stood bewildered, immovable.

"Do—do you mean that mother—you haven't told her?—you're not going to send me to prison?" said Moorvale brokenly. Then in a flash he understood, and even while he sobbed his thankfulness he divested himself of his jacket. "Strike hard," he said, and waited.

Mr. Sedgely clenched his teeth and swung the cane aloft. Once, twice he twirled it hissing round his head, hesitated, paused, and burst out, as his arm dropped nervelessly by his side: "Oh, confound it! I can't do that either. I'm little better than your confederate. Archie Moorvale. Why did you do it?"

"To pay a debt, I said," mumbled Moorvale. "He pressed me hard. Said he'd go to my mother about it unless I paid him to-day. It was that made me do it, sir. I'd have made it good on Saturday, for, before Heaven, I don't mean to be dishonest! He—he—"

"Yes, take your time," said Mr. Sedgely gruffly.

"He was angry because I had broken off with the crowd; for, believe me, sir, I was trying to keep my promise to you. Believe that, Mr. Sedgely."

Mr. Sedgely gazed long and grimly into the lad's appealing eyes, and presently he found Moorvale's face becoming strangely misty.

"Well," he said, "I think I know truth from falsehood better than most men, and I believe you. See, there's my hand on it. Between us we'll bury this thing for good. When you go home for dinner, go down on your knees to your mother—or, no. Perhaps you'd better do that to Heaven, asking for strength to be a man in future."

"I shall, Mr. Sedgely," replied Archie with emotion.

That was five years since, and to-day Archie gives hopeful promise of fulfilling his mother's dearest wish. Mr. Sedgely, as he looks fondly into his wife's eyes, and then glances at Archie, sometimes shudders as he thinks what might have been.

Wild Beasts at Sea.



Transporting a Menagerie is a Troublesome Affair.

THE public which swarms into the tent of the travelling menagerie seldom gives a thought to the difficulties which attend the migration of large numbers of wild beasts, who often have to travel thousands of miles in the course of a year, across continents and oceans. The work, confusion, and disorder when a menagerie is starting on, or arriving from, a long journey can only be realised by those who have

actually witnessed it. The animals always seem to know when they are about to take a journey, and become discontented and excitable.

For the ordinary short journey by road from town to town there is little disturbance or excitement. The animals in their cages are simply drawn by horses or traction engines to their destination. But where a long voyage has to be taken all the wild beasts must be carefully packed into the various boxes or dens provided for them. The large carnivora—lions, tigers, pumas, cheetahs, and the like—have tightly made roomy boxes of hard wood.

For bears, besides the hardest possible wood, a lining of sheet iron has to be provided, so restless does Bruin become *en voyage*, and his sharp teeth and terrible claws play havoc with his den. A vigilant watch over the bears is necessary, too, for they have often been known to get their claws under the sheet iron, and once that happens the destruction of their den soon follows.

WHEN JUMBO CUTS UP ROUGH.

When elephants are caged in this way sheet iron linings are necessary also. Once determined to break, however, nothing short of rock itself will stop an elephant. Added to this they are most averse to travel, and their movements are so uncertain as to cause constant trial and anxiety to their keepers.

The larger birds, and animals with hoofs usually journey in wooden crates with grooved doors and a floor made of very strong boarding.

Sea-lions and seals go in wooden boxes with open slats, which must not be too wide apart, for these creatures bite viciously, especially when travelling and surrounded by strangers. Naturally, they are obliged to have some sort of a tank, too.

As one would suppose, from the abnormal length of their necks, giraffes are perhaps the most difficult of all the inhabitants of a menagerie to transport. The crates in which they travel cannot possibly be made as high as the animal itself, which usually stands nearly twenty feet from the ground, and no hold of a ship or no tunnel of a railway could accommodate it; so a giraffe, when travelling, is unable to stand in an upright position.

He soon learns, however, to make the best of things, and when cramped and tired, cheerfully lies down to stretch out his long flexible neck. So delicate are giraffes that the percentage of deaths while travelling is unfortunately very great.

Camels are seldom put into crates at all. Generally their tempers are equable, but when they bite—they bite savagely.

DO ANIMALS GET SEASICK?

Regular and careful feeding is, of course, essential on a long journey, but a constant supply of good water is even more important. To subsist for long periods without food is not difficult for most wild beasts, but few can live for long without liquid refreshment. In the largest crates a pail is generally fastened inside and replenished once or twice daily.

For a comparatively short voyage on board ship frozen meat is usually served out to the carnivora, but on a longer trip it is customary to ship a number of live horses—generally worn out and decrepit, but not diseased specimens—which are killed off for food as needed.

If several elephants should be in the travelling menagerie, then an enormous quantity of food is necessary, for one elephant alone will consume in a day two or three hundredweight of hay, a bushel or more of corn, a good supply of vegetables, and a dozen loaves of bread, besides other odd trifles.

Then, too, tons of sawdust, enormous bales of straw and hay, some for feeding and some for bedding, are needed, and gallons of disinfectants.

Do wild animals actually suffer from seasickness? This is still a debatable question. Some authorities aver that all wild beasts suffer from *mal de mer*, while others staunchly deny it. Whether actually sickness occurs or not, it is a fact that a voyage thoroughly upsets wild animals, and it takes some time after reaching dry land ere they recover their normal condition.

In a storm it is no uncommon thing either for animals to break loose—elephants, lions, and tigers especially—and the peril to the trainers and attendants under such circumstances can be imagined.

This Week's Hero:

BILLY WALES, THE WORLD'S CHAMPION WHIP.

WHEN, at the Whit Monday horse-show in Regent's Park, the driver of Mr. J. Ogden Armour's famous six greys swung his team into and round the narrow inclosure in a complete circle, and performed the amazing feat, too, without any visible effort or straining after effect, it came as a revelation to those present, judges and spectators alike.

People, in fact, could hardly believe their eyes. Done with a set of circus horses, harnessed to an exhibition sulky, the thing would have been difficult enough. But Mr. Armour's great greys average up something like a ton apiece, and the waggon to which they are harnessed scales 3½ tons; so that, allowing for the added heaviness of himself and his assistants, Billy was controlling, by means of the slender bunch of "ribbons" he held so lightly and handled so deftly, a weight, living and dead, of approximately ten tons.

How is it done? Largely, Billy will tell you, by word of mouth. He knows his horses, and they know him, and respond to his lightest touch, his least, and lowest-whispered word. Nay, Billy goes even further than this; he says he can govern his team, in certain circumstances, through the mere exercise of will-power; that the horses, in other words, are able to understand, and interpret into action, his unspoken thoughts, which to them are commands.

Maybe! Who shall say that there is no possibility of the creation of some such invisible bond between certain men and certain of the higher, more intelligent animals. Anyhow, Billy firmly believes that such is the case as regards his greys and himself, and a good many people who have seen him at work with them under favourable conditions are more than half disposed to agree with him.

And it must be said that Billy—or Mr. William J. Wales, to give him his proper name and title for the nonce—is one of those men who are the despair of the interviewer. He will "talk horse," as he calls it, from morning till night, and when P.W. waited upon him the other day at his headquarters at Oakington Manor Farm, he insisted on trotting out all eight of the greys—there are two extra ones kept on hand there in case of emergency—for inspection and admiration, enlarging meanwhile on their various points with loud admiration.

But when it came to saying anything about himself, he was as mute as the proverbial oyster.

Little by little, however, one gathered that Billy learnt to drive as a lad, "way back in the pinneries," in Northern Michigan. Here, in a lumber camp, remote from civilisation, he was brought up, and almost his earliest recollections are of "teaming" the great ten-ton lumber waggons along and over the terrible iron-mountain roads. "A man learns to drive pretty slick in them parts," remarked Billy, "and learns quick, too. Them as don't," he added meditatively, after a pause, "gets killed."

As soon as he was "grown up," Billy "left lumbering," and came to Chicago. There he took service with the late Mr. Phil Armour, and six years ago he was promoted to the post of "head teamster," and placed in charge of the famous "big six," for the which, as they stand, their present owner has refused £2,000.

The horses, it should be mentioned, are working horses, just as Billy is a working teamster, and a member of the Chicago Packing House Teamsters' Union. (He brought out, for inspection by P.W., his Union "button" for May, 1907, sent to him by post all the way from Illinois, and was evidently as proud of it—almost—as he was of his "horses.") It is this that keeps them and him in such good condition, "hard as nails and fit as fiddles," to quote Billy's own words.

"None of Mr. Armour's horses are coddled," he further explains, "and the greys least of all. When they are not being shown, they do on an average their twenty miles a day up and down the streets of Chicago, harnessed to a 6,000lb. waggon loaded with 25,000lb. of beef."

"No, they do not have their own special train for travelling about in, although I have seen it so stated in the papers; neither did they have special staterooms on board the *White Star* liner that brought them over here from New York. They did, however, have special stables built for them amidships, where the rolling of the vessel was felt least, and they were watched over by night as well as by day by either myself or my chief assistant."

The waggon to which they are harnessed, Billy is careful to explain, is just an ordinary teamster's waggon, made of polished oak instead of elm, and ornamented with brass. The length of it and the team, "over all," is sixty feet, and Billy can turn them in a complete circle if he has but twenty-six feet of space. His one ambition just now is to drive his turn-out down the Strand during the busiest hour of the day.

"Do you think," he asks wistfully, "your police would allow me to?"

AUSTRALIANS are most anxious to keep their continent exclusively for white settlers, and for that reason have passed various laws prohibiting the landing of Asiatics, especially Chinese. So it has come as a severe shock to the advocates of a white Australia, that Mr. Hansford, a Melbourne gentleman, who has been exploring in Northern Queensland, has discovered a large town of Chinamen on the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Cities in Hiding.



Towns Not Marked on Any Map.

This is no colony of shipwrecked sailors, but a great settlement containing three or four thousand yellow men who live along the river flats and grow opium, which apparently they ship, duty free, to the Philippines and to China itself. The Press is clamouring that the Government shall turn the Chinese out, but it will be an awkward business.

This is not the first time that Australians have been startled by a discovery of similar kind. Six or seven years ago a party of goldminers exploring in the desert far beyond the Leopold Range happened on a tribe of blacks of a very different type from the ordinary Australian aborigines. These were taller and better built, they were clean in their habits, they offered the travellers fruit and goat's milk, and had a distinct civilisation of their own.

Most wonderful, for the Australian blackfellow never has a settled habitation; this tribe had a town built of wood and sun-dried clay, clustering round a sort of temple. They kept Saturday as a holiday, and, in the opinion of their discoverers, showed traces of having at one time been instructed in the Jewish religion. Naturally, it was suggested that they were the remnants of the Lost Ten Tribes.

HIDDEN FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.

There are other cities, too, whose existence was hidden from civilisation until recently.

Only the other day a St. Petersburg paper announced that, deep in the forests of the Ural, had been discovered a flourishing city, the inhabitants of which speak a language of their own, and form a sort of ideal commonwealth. They have never paid taxes, and knew very little of what went on in the great world about them.

This story may or may not be true, but it is beyond all doubt that a British officer travelling in Arabia some years ago "discovered" a town which, except to the surrounding tribes, was previously unknown. The place, which is called Sherazai, is situated on the summit of a great rock plateau, in the heart of the Green Mountains, and is cut off from the surrounding country by enormous, perpendicular cliffs. Its people are lighter in colour than those of the Arabs in the plains below, and absolutely refuse to mix or intermarry with these.

Their discoverers found that they were descendants of the survivors of a Persian army which invaded Oman nearly a thousand years ago.

Some of these little known cities contain the germs of danger to other countries. There is, for instance, a town called Midi on the Arabian shore of the Red Sea, which hardly finds a place on any chart. Yet its sheik, who does not recognise the Turkish Government, can call together 200,000 fighting men, most of them armed with modern rifles. Terrible fighters they are, too, and some of the worst scoundrels on earth, pirates, slavers, and contraband traders.

THE HOME OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

The channel leading into the Port of Midi is three and a half miles long, twisty, narrow, and almost impassable for anything larger than dhows. The inner stretches are guarded by cannon. Even if a warship did get in and hammer the forts she could do little harm to the town, for that lies at the head of a creek three miles inland. Midi is the headquarters of the modern slave trade.

Another city of similar nature, but even more inaccessible—indeed, not half-a-dozen Europeans have ever seen it—is Aziat, the capital of those savage Moslem fanatics, the Senussi. The oasis, in the centre of which this city lies, is reported to be as large as Essex, surprisingly fertile and well watered, and near it lies another oasis called Nejila. These two support nearly half a million people who, protected from all incursions by hundreds of miles of blazing waterless desert, are arming and drilling to head a huge Jihad or Holy War against the Infidel Powers of the North.

Japan, thickly populated as her islands are, has a town which is almost unknown to people living only a few miles away. This is a little place of 2,000 inhabitants, some thirty miles north from the City of Kunamoto. The town lies in a huge pit, which is nothing else but the crater of an extinct volcano. All around tower cliffs of 900 to 1,200 feet high, and there the villagers rest, safe and secret.

WHAT A RAILWAY DETECTIVE HAS
TO KNOW.

THE members of the half-dozen special corps of railway detectives, which are maintained by the railway Clearing House, and by certain of the big railway companies, have to know many things of which their brethren of Scotland Yard are altogether ignorant.

They must, for instance, be acquainted with the methods in vogue for measuring rough round timber, so as to be able to check under-measurement, a fraudulent practice not infrequently resorted to by collusion between the ordinary railway measurers and the timber merchants. At one time, indeed, this particular swindle was so common that a corps of special measurers was organised by the Clearing House authorities; but these were disbanded some time back and their duties were handed over to the regular railway detectives.

In addition to this, railway detectives are expected to be able to tell at a glance the approximate weight of a truck containing coal or other mineral; and they must know, too, how to detect instantaneously forged tickets, such as are used by low-class betting men on big race days.

Forged way-bills are even more dreaded by the railway companies, since by their use thousands of pounds worth of valuable property can be easily and quickly purloined. The railway detective is as quick in noticing any trifling discrepancy in these flimsy bits of yellow paper as is a bank clerk in distinguishing between a forged note and a genuine one.

But chiefly is he required to make himself intimately acquainted with the features of all those who figure in the "Railway Rogues' Gallery." This is an album of portraits of criminals who specialise in railway crime—card-sharps, blackmailers of both sexes, truck robbers, and so forth—and it is added to every month.

HE'D HAD SOME.

As the man with the camera began to adjust the lens and direct it towards his small sitter, that young person set up a howl.



In vain did his mother do her best to quiet him. Edward did not want his picture taken.

"Why, my child," she said soothingly, "the gentleman won't hurt you! Just smile and keep still a moment, and it will be all over before you know it."

"Yes, I know, mother," whispered Edward, with the tears running down his cheeks, "but that's what you told me at the dentist's!"

BOGUS BURGLARIES.

SHAM burglaries, like that which recently engaged the sole attention for a number of days of some thirty members of the Warwickshire constabulary, have of late years become so common as to constitute a source of grave anxiety to the police authorities all over the country.

As in the above-mentioned case, which was engineered by a servant girl in the employ of a Wroxall farmer, women are usually the culprits, if culprits they can be called. But men, too, upon occasion, have been known to resort to similar expedients.

Usually, however, these latter have some ulterior motive in view. Thus, in a big London hotel, a year or two back, a country solicitor planned a bogus burglary of £10,000 worth of Bank of England notes, in order to cover up heavy defalcations of his own. But he under-estimated the astuteness of the Scotland Yard detectives, who quickly unravelled the mystery, with the result that the chief actor therein is at the present moment undergoing a lengthy term of imprisonment.

The "Yard," however, was cleverly hoaxed over the alleged theft of the jewels of a certain foreign princess, who was a guest at another famous metropolitan hotel in 1901. In this case, lists of the "missing" gems were actually published in the newspapers, their value being put at £30,000, and some of the smartest officers in the C.I.D. wasted weeks of their valuable time in looking for likely clues.

Yet another clever bogus burglary, one of a series engineered for the purpose of defrauding the insurance companies, was that which was brought off at a South London jewellers' shop last autumn. Jewellery, dark lanterns, masks, and other paraphernalia of the professional cracksmen were in this case left strewn in picturesque confusion about the floor of the "burgled" shop. But the sharp eyes of a certain well-known detective-inspector, recently retired, discovered discrepancies, and the issue of a warrant followed. The prime mover in the plot, however, took alarm, and fled to the Continent, and the matter was not further proceeded with.

A SAD, SAD MISTAKE.

"My word!" said the proud father, looking with admiring eye at his baby son and heir. "He's a bumper! He must be weighed. Where are the scales?"

The scales were soon forthcoming, and he immediately set the baby on them.

"I'll try eight pounds," he thought, alighting the weight along the bar to that figure. "Won't do," he said. "More." And he slid the weight along several notches. "By Jove!" he cried. "He weighs more than ten pounds—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen—good gracious!—fifteen, sixteen!" he counted. He could go no further, so he set the baby down and fairly gasped. "Heavens!" he murmured, "he's the heaviest baby in the country! The scales won't register any higher!" And he rushed off to tell his wife.



"What scales did you weigh him on?" asked the young mother, with some anxiety.

"On the old kitchen scales."

"The figures on those are only ounces," she said quietly. "Bring poor baby to me immediately!" she added, in a freezing tone.

NEVER NO MORE.

FRIEND: "Now look here, Nye, when are you going to repay me that five you borrowed from me last year? I've asked for the return of it eighty-seven times; but remember this, I shan't ask you for it again."

Nye (delighted): "What, you won't? You really won't? Well, that's what I call being a real, good pal, and no error. I wish there were more like you. Now, do you think you could possibly lend me—"

With a howl of derision, the creditor fled, completely routed by the Nye artillery.

WHO SET THE EXAMPLE?

A FROUD mother recently called a visitor's attention to her three-year-old daughter, who was playing with a doll's house on the hearth-rug.

Suddenly Mr. Baker, the wooden master of the establishment, was found to be missing, and after ten minutes search was discovered under the fender. Mrs. Baker was carefully lifted out of the house to face her wooden spouse.

"So you have tum home!" remarked the little one in her most sarcastic tones, on behalf of the wooden lady.

The equally wooden gentleman made no reply. "H'm!" continued the little one scornfully. "I wonder you didn't say business tept you!" Then the nurse was sent for.

EACH TO HIS TRADE.

A CERTAIN famous pianist was invited to dinner by a wealthy man, who was the owner of a large boot manufactory, and had been a shoemaker in his time.

After the repast, the pianist was requested to play something, and he consented.

Not long afterwards he invited the boot manufacturer to his house, and after dinner handed him a pair of old boots.

"What am I to do with these?" inquired the rich man.

With a genial smile the pianist replied: "Why, the other day after dinner, you asked me to make a little music for you, and now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade."

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HOW MILK-CAN RECLAIMERS WORK.

A CASE heard at the Westminster Police-Court the other day, in which a "milk-can reclaimer" figured as defendant, throws a curious side-light on one aspect of the dairy trade, as carried on in London and other large cities.

Millions of cans, it would appear, are deposited every morning on the steps of private houses throughout the country; and of these a certain number go astray, to find their way eventually into the hands of others than their original possessors. The business of the milk-can reclaimer is to "spot" these stray cans, and return them to their owners through a sort of central exchange that has been established for this especial purpose.

All sorts and sizes of cans are thus recovered, from the smallest made, which holds only half a gill of cream, to the huge "churn," with a capacity of six or eight barn gallons. Now and again regular milk-can raids are carried out by bands of "reclaimers" acting in concert, when thousands of "strays" are seized simultaneously.

Of course, the holders of these strays are not legally obliged to give them up at the behest of the reclaimers; but, as a general rule, they do so, the possession of a can stamped with another dealer's name and address being on the face of it a not altogether straightforward proceeding. The people who "show fight" are usually the small "pirate" dairymen, frequently aliens, whose rounds lie principally in the slums, and who retail their milk, such as it is, at as low a price as 3d., and even 2d., a quart.

Many of these men make it a boast that they have never bought a new can in their lives in the way of legitimate business, and never intend to. And it is they who are the chief patrons of the various organised gangs of can-thieves that infest London continuously, and other large centres of population sporadically.

ALAS! ALAS! ALAS!

A LABOURER's wife got into a train and pushed a small boy down on the seat.

Her fellow-travellers observed that the lad's head was completely enveloped by a tightly fitting saucepan, and their sympathising queries elicited the fact that the unhappy mother was taking the miserable youngster to the "orspital" to "have it took off."

"But how did it get on his head?" asked a passenger.

"Why, 'e wor playin' at bein' a Rousian Cossack, and wanted a 'elmet, so 'e tuk th' sorsepan," explained the mother.

"It'll be a bad job for him," said a sympathiser. "It's a jolly sight wuss for me," retorted the parent; "it's me only sorsepan, and me breakfast's in it!"

NO TABLE-CLOTHS AT WESTMINSTER.

ABSTRACT arguments in Parliament are all very well. Even statements of fact, or what purports to be fact, are usually allowed to pass unchallenged when made by a private member. But once let such member attempt to illustrate any one of his arguments or statements by a concrete example, and he is pretty certain to come to grief.

Thus, when Mr. Rowland Hunt flourished in the House of Commons the other day a big white tablecloth, which he had bought in Bond Street, and which he asserted to have been made in Japan, his fellow members were not a bit impressed, as he intended they should be, in favour of Protection. Instead, they laughed, and made derisive remarks about afternoon tea, and such-like irrelevant trivialities. And when later on Mr. Gill, the Labour member, who is an operative cotton spinner, discovered the Lancashire trade-mark upon the cloth in question, the laughter swelled into a perfect tornado of hilarity.

Similarly, when Mr. Biggar, during the stormy Land League days, exhibited a policeman's truncheon, with which he alleged a number of Nationalist skulls had been cracked at a proclaimed meeting in Tipperary, the resultant laughter quite drowned even his stentorian voice when raised in angry expostulation; nor did Colonel Sanderson fare any better when he solemnly undid, a few evenings later, a brown paper parcel containing a number of huge iron bolts, with which certain Belfast rioters had, so he said, bombarded the "polis."

The fact of it is the House does not relish this sort of—from its point of view—political clap-trap. Even so splendid an orator as Edmund Burke discovered this to his cost, over a century ago, when he drew a dagger from his bosom in order to illustrate a point he wished to drive home in a speech he was making, with the result that, for the first and last time in his career, he had to resume his seat, amidst a tempest of ironical laughter that rendered further speaking on his part altogether out of the question.

Husbands! Do you want your wife to consider you the best hubby in the wide, wide world? You do? Then buy her this week's HOME NOTES.

"Peculiarities" in the Writing.

GEORGE EDALJI CONCLUDES HIS STORY.

[Early in 1903 cattle-maiming outrages of a revolting character were perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Great Wyrley, Staffordshire. On Aug. 17th of that year a pony belonging to a colliery was mutilated, and for this deed the police arrested George Edalji, the son of the Vicar of Great Wyrley. He was tried on most unsatisfactory evidence, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. After undergoing three years' imprisonment he was released on ticket-of-leave. Now, for the first time, he writes the whole history of his persecution, and advances proofs of his innocence.]

WHY I CALLED NO "EXPERT."

I CALLED no "expert," because counsel advised there was no need to call any witnesses at all—"expert" or otherwise, as he considered the statements of the prosecution too absurd to merit contradiction. As none of the evidence against me will stand criticism, I do not blame my advisers for thinking little of the case for the Crown. It was I myself who insisted on summoning such witnesses as appeared for me, but I omitted others (including a handwriting expert) being assured that to call them would be needless expense.

Apart from it being so absurd to suggest I wrote documents incriminating myself and about the doings of the police, which I could not have been familiar with, I was also advised (and this is the opinion of the most eminent member of the Bar) that the letters were inadmissible against me, because they never referred to the outrage I was accused of, but only to other outrages, and that the threat to murder did not amount to such in law.

Suppose A charges B with theft. Anonymous letters are produced accusing B of other thefts. According to my case they are evidence against B. It seems incredible that such is the law. If so, innocent persons may easily be convicted, for when the police can't find the perpetrator of a series of offences, they or someone else could write letters accusing somebody by name, and then when the next crime occurs arrest him, and the trick's done! It may be said, would not an expert have to depose to handwriting? Not in Staffordshire; for all the documents, whether "identified" or not, were used against me, and even a copy of a letter which Mr. Gurrin never saw.

This missive (signed "A Lover of Justice.") I handed to my counsel after my arrest. The trial was to begin on Tuesday. On Sunday the prosecuting solicitor posted notice to Stafford Prison requiring production of the letter. Next day I received this notice, which I sent to counsel at once. Unfortunately, he had mislaid the letter, and, being engaged all day at Stafford, could not go to Birmingham to find it.

In vain he gave this explanation and pointed out the grossly inadequate notice to produce it. Counsel for the Crown asserted it contained vital evidence against me, and asked for a copy to be used. The chairman said: "It will do just as well," so it was read, and a constable swore the writing on the original resembled that on the old envelope before mentioned.

And what was the "vital evidence" in this letter? It said I was likely to commit atrocities, and referred to the old envelope and to the dates when the police were watching my home. If such "evidence" was legally admissible a copy of any anonymous paper alleging a person is likely to commit crimes can, without proof of handwriting, be used to convict him!

After my trial the letter was found and sent to an expert who reported it was not written by me. The writing resembled that of one of the writers of 1892-5. I had a missive (posted in California) from one of these people last month. The change of air does not appear to have benefited him—he is as mad as ever, raves of his religion and eternal damnation as in 1893, and tells me I am entitled to "any and every punishment on this planet" for declaring my innocence. Recently I got photos taken of the 1903 letters, but there is no space to reproduce them here. After studying them, TRUTH says:

The ground on which I should chiefly disregard the effect of Mr. Gurrin's evidence, and those resemblances in the formation of particular letters which he pointed out, is that the documents were admittedly in a disguised hand, and that the peculiarities are perfectly consistent with the writing, being that of a person who was imitating the prisoner's writing for the purpose of incriminating him.

A solicitor remarks that while I was justified in calling no "expert," counsel for the defence often seem lax in this respect. He cites instances where the omission of prisoners to call "expert" testimony was, as in the Beck case, urged as proof of guilt, but yet they were innocent. In a capital article in the LIVERPOOL POST a barrister discusses the letters, and after citing cases where "experts' opinions were proved to be wrong, including one where a number of "experts" swore a card was written 'by

defendant, which was afterwards confessed to by someone else, adds:

Mr. Disturnal . . . said the most important issue was: "Who was the writer of the anonymous letters?" Edalji, therefore, was convicted on that very proof by disguised handwriting that exercised so overwhelming an influence in the terrible calamities (to employ the language of the Royal Commission) that overtook Mr. Beck in 1896 and 1904.

I have such a heap of papers about the worthlessness of "experts" that it is impossible to notice a tenth of them.

A barrister says:

Juries are generally imposed on by an "expert." The very name convinces them he is a being possessed of powers exceeding those of the clairvoyant, and almost as infallible as the Almighty. So spellbound are they by his high-sounding phrases (usually quite unintelligible to them) that they disregard the judge's warning about the danger of acting on such evidence.

Thus, at Beck's first trial, Sir Forrest Fulton cautioned the jury against relying on the handwriting evidence, but they ignored the warning, with what terrible consequences everyone knows. Sir F. Fulton has since said:

I regard expert evidence as to disguised handwriting at all times with the greatest suspicion. It is to my mind invariably inconclusive.

In my case the jury were not cautioned at all. Can it be wondered at that they came to a wrong conclusion?

In conclusion, let me add that, though the police searched me, my home, and office, not a scrap of paper was found to connect me with the letters. The report circulated after my conviction that one letter bore the same watermark as my own paper is absolutely false, and was promulgated to prevent people signing the petition for my release.

THE EYESIGHT QUESTION.

This point was so fully discussed in the DAILY TELEGRAPH that I need scarcely refer to it. It has been said I gave no information about my sight to those who defended me. This falsehood has been repeatedly contradicted, and I can produce counsel's brief showing I did fully give the information. Moreover, I stated the fact at my trial, and it would have been further gone into had I known prosecuting counsel meant to set up in his last speech that the crime was committed in the dead of night. I have described the impracticable route it was alleged I went to the field. Mr. H. L. Leatherdale recently got some glasses constructed to render his vision similar to mine, and, thus equipped, went the way it was said I did. I quote the following from the account of his adventure in the DAILY EXPRESS:

Amid this confusion I stumbled in a tangle of signal wires, to find myself at the fringe of a gaping aperture. Below was a treacherous flight of stairs, and as I groped downward I felt—for I could not see my hand before me—the slimy walls of a tunnel.

Of course, Mr. Leatherdale had people to guide him on his perilous adventure.

SUMMING UP AND VERDICT.

On Friday, October 23rd, 1903, I was convicted. The STAFFORDSHIRE ADVERTISER describes the closing scenes of the trial as follows:

The learned assistant chairman, in summing up, said it was difficult to over-estimate the importance of detecting the perpetrators of these outrages, which had created a reign of terror in Great Wyrley, and had disgraced the fair fame of the county. He thought it was very remarkable that no apparent motive had come out in the case.

The jury retired to consider their verdict at two o'clock, and returned into court after an absence of fifty minutes, when the Foreman, in answer to the usual questions, said the jury found the prisoner guilty, with a recommendation to mercy on account of his position.

The magistrates retired for a few minutes, and on returning into court the assistant chairman said the jury had found the prisoner guilty of a serious offence, and the Court thought the verdict a right one. The jury had recommended the prisoner to mercy on account of his position, and the Court had on the one hand to consider this recommendation, and on the other hand the disgrace these outrages had inflicted on the county. The Court sentenced the prisoner to seven years' penal servitude. The prisoner received his sentence unmoved.

The verdict caused the greatest surprise in the district. The CANNOCK ADVERTISER said:

The news was received with astonishment, for up to Friday morning the majority of the general public believed the accused would be acquitted.

Among the slanders circulated in order to stop people signing the petition was one that my "behaviour at the trial" was proof of my guilt. I therefore reproduce some remarks from well-known journals made during and after my trial:

"The prisoner gave his evidence with remarkable clearness and ability."—MIDLAND EVENING NEWS.

"The prisoner faced the crowded court with perfect composure."—BIRMINGHAM MAIL.

"The accused again sat throughout the day without exhibiting the slightest sign of perturbation."—DAILY NEWS.

"The only person in court yesterday who did not look sick and tired of the whole business was the prisoner himself. His quiet demeanour throughout the trial has assuredly not made an unfavourable impression."—DAILY MAIL.

"One thing that impressed me strongly in the prisoner's favour was his bearing throughout the trial. I have seen many men called on to answer for their deeds in a court of justice, but I know of none who assumed the rôle of an innocent man so readily as George Edalji. Whether it was in the stuffy little court room at Cannock, with its petty officialism and weary routine, or in the more dramatic atmosphere of the Sessions' Court, the prisoner bore himself with the air of a man conscious of his innocence, and neither by word nor deed did he betray the workings of a guilty conscience. He was consistent in his statements, ready with his answers, and calm and collected in his manner."—EXPRESS AND STAR.

OUTRAGES AFTER MY CONVICTION.

The next outrage was on November 3rd, when a mare was killed and a horse shockingly injured. The MORNING LEADER said:

The outrages differ in no respect from their predecessors, unless it be that in certain circumstances they have a greater horror. . . . The stiff carcass was not without a suggestion of its dying agonies, but the chief feature of horror was a hole in a diagonal direction in its breast wide enough to admit a man's head, and fully 18 inches long. . . . Thirty yards away was practically the whole interior of the animal lying in a heap. . . . The most terrible spectacle was pointed out by a woman, who said: "Look, mister; her was in foal, and there's the foal lying by her."

A few days later, when there was another mutilation (which, however, being just outside Wyrley parish I have not included in the series), the same journal remarks:

There is not the slightest doubt that the last two outrages were the work of individuals who have taken great care to acquaint themselves with every movement of the special police. . . . Not a footmark has been found as a clue. . . . The police are treated with ineffable scorn.

The DAILY MAIL said:

Terror reigns amid the quiet lanes and meadows of Great Wyrley. . . . At night the whole countryside is deserted. . . . The entire neighbourhood agrees in thinking that Edalji was innocent.

No arrest was made, but for three months all animals were locked up at night. Another outrage occurred in February, but the miscreant was disturbed and the wound was not so serious. The concluding atrocity was on March 24th, 1904, the victims being three sheep. For this crime a collier was convicted, but the evidence against him was very weak, and he stoutly maintains his innocence.

For months after my conviction the letter-writers continued their work, the district being simply inundated with missives. The circumstances of the "Martin Moulton" letters sent to the Home Office and myself, and the encounter Mr. Yelverton and I had with detectives at the G.P.O., are too well known to need repetition.

DISGRACEFUL SLANDERS.

The most scandalous slanders were systematically published to stop people signing the petition. Professor Churton Collins in a capital article in the DAILY EXPRESS of February 6th last, says:

What was the source, or sources, of the abominable calumnies circulated against the young man's morals at the time of the trial and just afterwards, when Edalji's advocates were endeavouring to get the case re-opened? That there was no ground for them is incontestably established; that they scored off many from interesting themselves in his case is certain.

Personally, I believe they came from an official source, and were circulated to stifle public agitation.

THEORIES ABOUT THE OUTRAGES.

Many theories have been propounded to explain these crimes, but there is no space to mention all. One paper, referring to cases where for years the Home Office obstinately refused to grant justice to persons whom it was clearly proved had been wrongly convicted, adds:

There is one, however, which so closely parallels many aspects of the Edalji case, and may even forecast the final development of it, that mention of it must on no account be omitted.

It was known in Ireland at the time as the "Sheridan Scandal," and there is now no dispute as to the facts. Mr. Wyndham having admitted them. . . . Sergeant Sheridan, of the Irish Constabulary, was employed on special duty ferreting out agrarian crimes. He ferreted out a good many; in fact, crimes of that kind seemed to dog his footsteps. Cattle were maimed, haystacks were fired, anonymous threatening notices were posted up, and anonymous threatening letters were written. For committing these various offences various people were arrested, convicted, and punished. Yet all the while the real author of them was—Sergeant Sheridan!

A "PARDON."

Since writing the above Mr. Gladstone has decided "to advise His Majesty, as an act of Royal clemency," to grant me a "free pardon" (for a crime I never committed). The words "clemency" and "pardon" seem strangely inappropriate. But when this tardy acknowledgment of my innocence is flung at me without a word of apology, with an insinuation that I wrote the letters, and with a refusal of compensation—I can only regard it as the grossest insult. I wrote none of the letters. It was not (as the Home Office ignorantly suppose) the letters which made the police suspect me, because they were written after detectives began to watch my home, my writing being imitated with the object of criminating me. However, thanks to the efforts of Sir Conan Doyle and others, and the publicity given to my story in this paper, I have got a big instalment of what is due to me—before long I hope to have the whole.

G. E. T. EDALJI.

THE END.

Picked Pars.

Bridge Forbidden.

The city council of Molette, South Dakota, has passed an ordinance forbidding the playing of bridge by women, under a penalty of a fine of \$20, or thirty days' imprisonment in default.

Raffling for Bibles.

In accordance with the provisions of the Wilde Charity, Bibles were raffled for recently at the parish church schools, St. Ives (Huntingdonshire). Three boys and three girls were winners.

Blinded by a Fall.

An hotel clerk, at Atlantic City, New Jersey, slipped whilst roller-skating on one of the piers, and fell violently. He was picked up unconscious, and when he recovered his senses he was totally blind.

Field for Doctors.

So great is the dearth of medical men in South Africa that an advertisement of a vacancy on the resident staff at Kimberley Hospital, carrying a salary of £300 a year, with board and quarters, did not bring a single application.

Horseless Farming.

Motors are rapidly ousting horses from farm work in the United States. A farm of several thousand acres in Sully County, Dakota, is now entirely horseless. All the ploughing, harrowing, seeding, harvesting, thrashing, and hauling of grain to market is done by motors.

Tombstone of Fossils.

A tombstone is to be erected in a Bath cemetery to the memory of an engine-driver who was an ardent geologist, composed of the fossils he collected in his rambles.

Charity Goes Begging.

Buckland-in-More (Devon) has an ancient charity. There are only eight families in the parish, and as none of these is in need of help, the funds this year are to be devoted to restoring the ancient parish church.

Kruger's Name Rejected.

A resolution in favour of restoring the name Kruger Avenue to one of the chief streets in the city—the original name was changed to Alexandra Avenue after the late war—has been rejected by the Bloemfontein Corporation.

Danger of Imitation.

While the daughter of a Newcastle publican was cleaning her father's gun, her two-year-old sister said: "Put it against my neck and do as dada does with the birds." The elder girl did so, and, to her horror, the gun went off, inflicting fatal injuries.

Warship's Novel Cargo.

The cruiser *Arrogant*, before leaving Plymouth, took on board 20,000 troutlets and spawn for conveyance to Gibraltar, whence they will be sent to stock neighbouring streams and rivers in the hope of ultimately adding this form of sport to the meagre attractions at the "Rock."

Lost His Life for a Marble.

A little boy named Arthur Biggins crawled under a standing train at Middlesbrough to fetch a marble which a playmate had thrown there, and was killed by the train starting.

Telephones for Divers.

By means of an ingenious appliance which has been adopted by the Admiralty a submerged diver may, by pressing a small button in his helmet, communicate by telephone with another diver, or even, with proper connections, with the authorities at Whitehall.

Unlucky Emigrants.

Information has reached Farnworth, near Bolton, to the effect that three local colliers have been killed in an explosion in a colliery in West Virginia. A short time ago six other Farnworth men were killed in a West Virginia colliery explosion, making a total of nine Farnworth emigrants killed there.

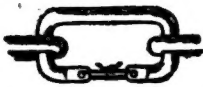
Marrying a Doll.

The superstition that it is unlucky for a girl to marry a man who has been married twice before led to a curious ceremony at Badaon, in the United Provinces, India. A merchant who wished to marry for the third time first went through the ceremony of marrying a doll, which he carried in his arms. The doll, which was regarded as his third "wife," was then buried with great pomp, after which the real marriage ceremony took place.

Picture Pars. (See footline).

FOR REPAIRING HARNESS.

OUR illustration shows a link which carmen in country districts find very useful. Should a trace or a tug of the harness break, the damage can be repaired in a very few minutes by connecting the broken parts together by means of the hook. A piece of string or leather lace tied between holes at the ends of the link prevents the hook from slipping out.



RIVET-HEADS AND THEIR NAMES.

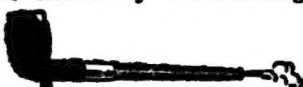
THE accompanying sketches show the shapes and give the names of the various rivet-heads which are used in iron working. It will be noticed that when counter-sunk heads are used, the rivet holes must be counter-sunk also, so as to



admit the heads. The shape usually given to the other end of the rivet is the snap-head. In these days all up-to-date firms do their own riveting by pneumatic power or some similar method which renders hand labour unnecessary.

HOW TO CLEAN A WOODEN PIPE.

WOODEN pipes may be cleaned by the following simple method: Place the explosive ends of some fusee matches in the bowl. Then light a third match, and drop it also into the bowl, immediately corking it tightly. The explosion which follows causes all the obstructing nicotine matter in the stem to fly out, leaving the pipe as sweet and as clean as when new.



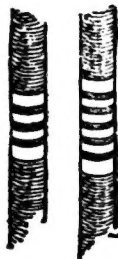
TO MAKE A TEMPORARY TANDEM.

HERE is an ingenious hint for cyclists who may be touring together. Should the front wheel of one of the machines buckle, or be punctured at such a time or in such a manner that it is impossible to make repairs on the spot, remove the damaged wheel and fasten the fork to the back of the other cycle, as is shown in the illustration. On this temporary tandem the cyclists can return home together, one carrying the damaged wheel slung across his back.



SIGNALS FOR TRAM-DRIVERS.

MANY of our readers may have wondered why many of the standards or poles on electric tramway routes are marked some with three and others with five bands. These are painted on as signals to the motormen. The three bands represent optional and the five bands compulsory stopping places for the tramcars.



A PLATELAYER'S PROBLEM.

WHEN platelayers are attaching new rails to old ones it will be readily understood that the latter being worn to some extent there is a difference in the thickness of the top flanges. To attach the rails end to end therefore use is made of a fish plate of the shape shown in the illustration. In this way, though the groove of the one rail is lower than that of the other, both are fastened securely together.



Personal Pars.

Temperance Chief.

It is stated that Lady Henry Somerset has now retired from platform work, and proposes to devote her time to developing the work of her colony for inebriate women. It is now twenty-three years since Lady Henry first took up temperance work, in which, being a very able speaker, she has wielded much influence. At one time she took an interest in a league for the suppression of foot-binding in China, and was amused to be told by a Chinese lady: "We squeeze foot, you squeeze waist! Same object—both gettee husband." Lady Henry married in 1873 Lord Henry Somerset, the song writer.

Lord Curzon's Innuendo.

LORD CURZON, ex-Viceroy of India, who is shortly to enter Parliament again, has told an amusing story of his interview with the Korean Prime Minister during his Eastern travels. Hearing that Mr. Curzon (then not a peer) had been a Minister of the Crown, the Korean said: "I suppose you found that by far the most agreeable feature of office was your salary? But, no doubt, the perquisites were larger still." Then the Korean Minister added: "I presume you are a near relation of the Queen of England?" "No, I am not," replied Mr. Curzon. But, observing a look of disgust that passed over his countenance, the Englishman was fain to add: "I am, however, as yet an unmarried man." And with that unscrupulous suggestion, Lord Curzon concludes, "I completely regained the old gentleman's favour!"

For Royal Service.

THE King has granted a very uncommon honour to his doctors, Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking, in recognition of their "great skill and unremitting attention." His Majesty has permitted them to add to their respective arms one of the lions from the Royal arms. Sir Frederick, of course, was the operating surgeon when the King was struck down just before his coronation, while he added to his laurels by going out to the scene of the Boer War. He attended hundreds of the British wounded, and came back with a host of good stories, both amusing and pathetic. One poor soldier had had his eye shot and his upper jaw blown off; but instead of inquiring if there was any hope for him, he simply scribbled on a bit of paper: "Did we win?"

Hero of the Hustings.

SIR FRANCIS SHARP POWELL, M.P. for Wigan, is to be among the honoured few who live to see a public statue of themselves erected. It is fifty years since he first entered Parliament, and the citizens of Wigan propose to celebrate the event as mentioned. Sir Francis holds one or two notable records. He has fought no fewer than nineteen election contests, eight of which he lost, while he is the only living Freeman of Bradford, Yorkshire, where he owns property. If it were not for the fact that he has not sat in the House of Commons continuously, Sir Francis would be the "Father" of the assembly.

Two Meals a Day.

LORD STRATHCONA, who has been taking such a leading part in the Colonial Conference, is eighty-seven years old. Some time ago he admitted that for sixty years he, as a rule, had only had two meals a day—breakfast and dinner. "Of course," he said, "if there is anyone whom I particularly wish to meet I am prepared to take lunch with him. I do not know that this custom has made me more vigorous than other men. I see no harm in smoking a little, and no harm in drinking a little; but I believe in temperance—yes, temperance in all things, whether food, drink, or tobacco."

A Stately London Home.

STAFFORD HOUSE, where the Duchess of Sutherland has been entertaining the Colonial Prime Ministers, is one of the most notable mansions in London. The picture-gallery contains priceless works by Murillo, Raphael, Titian, and others, while the reception-rooms are filled with objects of art from all parts of the world. It was the late Duke of Sutherland who collected most of these treasures; and it is related that on one occasion, when Queen Victoria was leaving Stafford House after a magnificent reception, she said, in bidding the duke good-bye: "I leave your palace to return to my house."

The Golf Cough.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, the ex-Prime Minister, was once going round the links at North Berwick, and was followed by a small knot of people, all interested in the play of the distinguished statesman. Among the spectators was an individual with what was afterwards described as an

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

"irritating cackle of a cough." He always managed to cough at a critical moment, and at last contrived to do it just as Mr. Balfour was about to take an important "put." The old caddie, who had borne the cough patiently enough up to now, put out his hand and stopped the player. Then, turning to the group of onlookers, he asked with a great excess of politeness: "Can any of you gentlemen oblige this man wi' a jujube?"

The Telephone Inventor.

CANADIANS propose to erect a national memorial at Brantford, Ontario, to Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. Dr. Bell, who is still living, was born in Edinburgh in 1847, and went to Canada as a teacher of deaf mutes. It was at Brantford that he invented the telephone, which brought him fame and fortune. Yet he was so hard up for money that he offered a half-interest in his invention to Don Cameron for £2,000. Cameron thought Bell was a dreamer, and refused to put up a dollar. That half-interest to-day is worth £4,000,000.

Matter of Degree.

WHEN the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, chief of the income-tax inquisition, was a barrister, he was noted for his ready wit. In the famous Anti-Gambling League case he was arguing the possibility of a certain spot being "a place within the meaning of the Act," when the judge put to him a question. "Suppose," said he, "I were to give you an area marked by the meridians of longitude. Would that constitute a place, in your opinion, Mr. Asquith?" "That, my lord," was Mr. Asquith's smiling and prompt response, "would be merely a matter of degree."

Hard Work Wins.

It is reported that Signor Sarasate, the famous violinist, is engaged to be married to an American lady, said to be the daughter of a millionaire. The Signor is sixty-three years old, and the responsibility for that long term of bachelorhood is usually laid at the door of his master, Auber. When the latter handed Sarasate the first prize of the Paris Conservatoire, he wound up his little speech of presentation with the words: "And, above all, never marry!" The Signor's perfection in the art of fiddling is the result of constant practice. When once asked the secret of his success, he tersely replied: "Six hours a day since I was twelve."

FIRST TIME TALES.



The First Ascent of the Matterhorn

One of the greatest feats in mountaineering.

Forty miles east-north-east of Mont Blanc, in the Pennine Alps, there soars heavenwards to a height of nearly 15,000 feet an immense isolated obelisk of virgin rock. To it the French have given the name of Mont Cervin, but the Germans call it the Matterhorn, and by this latter name it is most generally known.

In one respect it is the most wonderful mountain in the whole world. Practically all other known peaks are more or less rounded and scarred, even to their summits, by glacial action. But the ghastly gorges and terrific precipices of the upper Matterhorn hold no glaciers, because of their extreme steepness. Consequently, from all sides the bare gaunt granite is seen, clean cut as if by the tools of some giant among the Titans.

Needless to say, it appears from below to be quite inaccessible, and was, indeed, so deemed prior to July 14th, 1865, when its summit was first reached. The belief, although proved erroneous, was seemingly well founded. Not only the hardy Swiss mountaineers, but the most expert Alpine climbers of all races and countries, had attacked the mountain in vain.

Professor Tyndall, the conqueror of the Weisshorn, essayed to scale it again and again, only to retire at last from the contest, baffled and beaten. Other less wary climbers ventured far into its fastnesses, to return no more. The rock avalanches, that are falling almost continuously from certain parts of its many faces, caught them as they clambered, and in a fraction of a second of time they were as though they had never been.

BELIEVED TO BE HAUNTED.

The natives resident in the valley below regarded it with superstitious reverence, and told of a ruined city on its topmost summit, wherein dwelt the ghosts of earth-folk long since dead. Even its higher slopes they believed to be haunted.

Up to 10,000 feet, or thereabouts, to where the glaciers ended, one might climb in comparative safety. This, they admitted. But beyond that was an invisible line drawn that none might cross and live, for all the mountain above it (so they said) was peopled by malignant spirits, jinns, who appeared in horrible guise to frighten and trip the intruder, and who became invisible at pleasure, and a gigantic spirit, whose breath was poisonous and whose very wish spelt death.

To Mr. Edward Whymper belongs the honour of being the first to reach the summit, and he only got there on the eighth attempt, and after having many times abandoned the task in despair. The difficulties he encountered were appalling, even at the very outset. The guides, one and all, were so absolutely convinced of the inaccessibility of the mountain, that for a long time they laughed to scorn all his efforts to induce them to accompany him. "Are we eagles?" they cried derisively, in answer to his persuasions. "Have we wings? No! But one needs them to get to the top of the Matterhorn."

One by one, however, their scruples were overcome, their disbelief converted to belief, until at last, after five years of preliminary work, it had become a sort of axiom amongst them that the mountain was to be scaled; the only question was when, and by whom. The query was answered on July 13th, 1865, and the two following days, when was enacted the greatest success and the greatest tragedy recorded in all the thrilling history of Alpine exploration.

THE CRACK OF A FROST-BITTEN MOUNTAIN.

The scene opens at half-past five on the morning of the first-named date, when there sallied forth from the Rosa Hotel, Zermatt, which stands immediately beneath the lower fringe of the Matterhorn glaciers, a party of seven men. Their names were Edward Whymper, the leader; Lord Francis Douglas, a young man of nineteen, but a trained and tried mountaineer; the Rev. Charles Hudson, vicar of Skillington, in Lincolnshire, also a famous climber; Mr. Hadow, a young athlete, but without much experience of mountain climbing; and three guides, Croz, the head man, Peter Taugwalder, second-in-command, and his son, "young Peter."

The day was a perfect one for the expedition, clear and cloudless, with no wind to speak of, and by noon the little expedition had reached a height of 11,000 feet. Here, on a sort of platform, they went into camp, the remainder of the day being spent in resting, and in making reconnaissances upward in order to determine the best route to take on the morrow. When night fell each retired to his sleeping bag, to dream of the following day's triumph, the while the rock avalanches thundered past them, and the frost split and peeled the face of the mighty

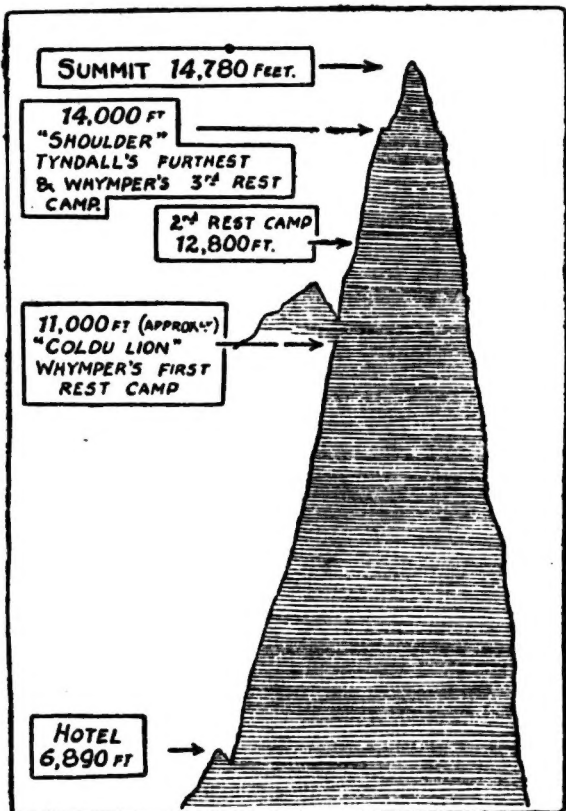
mountain in a million places, causing a continuous crackling reverberation, as of musketry or machine-gun fire heard afar off. Before dawn on the morning of the 14th the whole party was afoot, and as soon as it was light a start was made up the eastern face of the obelisk that terminates the mountain.

Although appearing from below to be absolutely perpendicular, it is not so in reality, taking it all in all, and this notwithstanding that certain portions are not only perpendicular, but actually overhang. From these "bad stretches" they had to turn to the right or to the left.

It was slow, difficult, tiring work, requiring the utmost caution, since a single slip meant almost certain death. There were few projections to which to cling, just smooth rock, and this in many places was covered with a thin film of ice, produced from the melting and refreezing of the snow. Few words were spoken, and those only in a low tone, for fear of dislodging some overhanging rock. In the worst parts, only one man moved at a time, the others holding taut the rope that connected them, catching their breath meanwhile and watching keenly for any untoward eventuality.

Nothing happened, however, and hour after hour the ascent was continued. At 6.30 a.m. they had attained a height of 12,800 feet, and rested for half an hour on a narrow flat ledge. The ascent was then continued without a break until a few minutes before ten o'clock, when they had another rest, of fifty minutes' duration, at a height of 14,000 feet.

Soon afterwards they caught sight of a party of tourists on the lower slopes of the Italian side of



This sketch gives a rough idea of the shape of the Matterhorn, and shows the various stages of the memorable climb.

the mountain, and in order to attract their attention dislodged a number of stones, which rolled down the precipices with a tremendous clatter. They also waved their arms, and then a curious thing happened. The strangers, instead of responding to their signals, turned and fled. Nor did they stop until they reached their hotel at Breil, sad—cast down—gloomy—confounded.

"It is true," they cried to those who crowded round them demanding to know the reason for their discomfort. "We saw them ourselves—they hurled stones at us! The old traditions are not all lies. There are spirits on the Matterhorn."

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the commotion their simple action had occasioned, Whymper and his companions commenced to toil upwards once more. Less than 900 feet of actual ascent remained to be made, but portions of this were of the most dangerous description. Indeed, Tyndall had climbed many years ago to a point nearly as elevated as that whereon they then stood, although on a different part of the mountain, and had had to turn back after all.

A similar disappointment, they knew, might await them. The higher they rose, the more intense became the excitement. What if they should be beaten at the last moment? But no! The worst was surely over. The sheer wall up which they had been

laboriously climbing commenced to fall away in front of them.

At last! The actual summit could be seen not more than a few score yards ahead, up a gently-rising slope. The precipices lay behind them. With fumbling fingers they untied the rope that fastened them the one to the other, and all darted forward, each individual member of the party eager to be first to stand on that hitherto untrodden pinnacle of virgin rock.

THE FIRST AT THE TOP.

Whymper and the guide Croz ran a neck-and-neck race, which ended in a dead-heat. "Hurrah!" they cried. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" The unconquerable was conquered. Above them was sky only. The world lay at their feet.

Half delirious with excitement, Croz grabbed a tent pole, which he had brought with him and planted it firmly on the highest point of the summit; then he tore off his blouse and lashed it to it. It was but a poor apology for a flag, and made but an indifferent show, yet two countries beheld it, and, within a few moments, through Italy and through Switzerland was being flashed the news that the Matterhorn had at last been scaled.

Zermatt, as in duty bound, at once put itself en fête, and the villagers knocked off work for the rest of the day. But presently, in the midst of the excitement, a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Mont Rosa hotel, and cried out that he had seen an "avalanche" fall from the top of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhornletscher, which lies 4,000 feet below. His story was not believed, and he was sharply reproved for speaking idle tales. But he was right nevertheless, only the "avalanche" was not rock, nor frozen snow, but a roped-together cluster of living men hurtling downward to their doom.

It happened in this wise: After the explorers had spent an hour on the summit admiring the view—view never before beheld by human eyes, and which four out of the seven were destined never to behold again—they commenced the descent. They were, of course, all roped together, Croz leading, and the rest following in the order named: Hadow, Hudson, Lord F. Douglas, old Peter Taugwalder, Whymper, and young Peter.

The greatest care was exercised, only one member of the party moving at a time; but, nevertheless, through some unexplained cause, Mr. Hadow slipped and fell upon Croz, knocking him off his feet. The two men dropped plumb down the face of the precipice, and the weight of their falling bodies jerked from their precarious footholds, as the strain of the tautened rope tore at them, first Hudson, and next Lord F. Douglas. The remaining three members of the party, Whymper and the two Taugwalders, would undoubtedly have shared a like fate, but that the rope, unable to bear the strain, broke midway between Lord Francis and the elder Taugwalder.

ROLLING DOWN TO DEATH.

Trembling in every limb, the three survivors clung to the face of the mountain, and saw their companions dashed to their deaths 4,000 feet below. For a full half-hour they remained on the same spot without moving a single step. The two Taugwalders, paralysed by fear, sobbed like children, and trembled so violently as to threaten themselves and Whymper with the fate of the others. Eventually, however, they recovered sufficiently to recommence the descent, which was accomplished without any further mishap.

Thus, was the Matterhorn conquered; but at what a price. Nor was this vengeance the last that was exacted by the grim old mountain from those who would force themselves upon it. Indeed, even to this day, although ladders and chains affixed to the more dangerous places, together with a fuller knowledge of its topography, have rendered the ascent a comparatively easy matter, it is rare that a season passes without some shocking fatality having to be recorded.

It only remains to add that after the news of the catastrophe was brought by the survivors to Zermatt, rescue parties succeeded in recovering three out of the four bodies of those who had perished.

That of Lord Francis Douglas, however, could not be found; nor has it ever been found, nor any trace of it, to this day. Somewhere within one of the numberless crevasses of the lower glaciers the brave young man sleeps quietly, frozen solid, his form and face as they were in life, save perchance for the havoc that may possibly have been wrought by his terrible fall.

(Next week: "The First Circumnavigation of the Globe.")

HE: "For the perfect enjoyment of love there must be complete confidence."

SHE: "I have heard pa say identically the same thing about sausages."

OLD GENTLEMAN (to small boy, who is nursing a bruised knee): "Did you fall down, little chap?"

Small Boy: "Yer didn't think I fell up and bashed agin a cloud, did yer?"

MEEKS: "The man who tries to change a woman's views is a fool."

Weeks: "How do you know?"

Meeks: "My wife told me so."

THE STORY OF A DIAMOND
ROBBERY.WHY THE
"CAPE SPECIAL"
WAS
STOPPED.

By H. HUNTER.

"HE 'Cape Special'? Can't say exactly, sir. But she won't be in for some hours yet. There's a fog in the Channel, and the boat only passed Hurst Castle at 5.55. We don't expect her anyway much before eleven. Yes; if you come back at 10.30 you'll be in time."

"Four hours to wait," Stephen Yaxley murmured, looking up at the clock. It was a raw night. A thin rain was falling. The air was cold and clammy.

"Beastly nuisance!" he ejaculated impatiently. "Fog in the Channel. Boat delayed. That accounts then for my not getting a wire. Suppose I shall have to hang it out at the club. Wyburn cabled from Madeira that he'd wire as soon as he got in—to the City up till five; to Pall Mall after five. And now it's as likely as not I shall be kicking about town till eleven. H'm! Well, there'll be a chance to finish that game at billiards with Johnny Dickinson, anyway." And, hailing a hansom, he gave an address to the cabman and was driven away.

A keen-eyed, thin-lipped man of fifty, Stephen Yaxley was Chairman of the Sunflower Deeps, a valuable mining property in South Africa. Some new workings had recently been opened, and the Board had requested the manager to send over a "fair sample," together with a parcel of "specially-selected" stones for the experts in London to pass judgment upon. The duty of conveying the diamonds to England had been entrusted to James Wyburn, himself a considerable shareholder in the undertaking, as well as a connection of the Chairman's, and a responsible official of the company. He had left Cape Town some weeks before in the *Warwick Castle*, and Yaxley was to meet him at Waterloo and take him out to his place at Dulwich.

At 9.10 p.m. a servant of the club handed a telegram to Stephen Yaxley. The message had been dispatched from the Docks, Southampton.

"Delayed by fog," it ran. "Leaving 9.15. Due 10.50." It was 11.30, however, when Stephen Yaxley passed rapidly along the brilliantly-lighted train, looking for the man he was there to meet. Most of the carriage doors were open, and little knots of people stood about. But the Chairman of the Sunflower Deeps failed to recognise his kinsman amongst the groups that were gathered on the platform. What did it mean? Wyburn not there?

Yaxley went through the crowd again. No, Wyburn was not there.

The guard was approaching, and to him Yaxley appealed. Yes, he remembered the gentleman certainly. Took a brown cowhide bag into the carriage with him. Insisted on carrying it himself. "Got in with two other gentlemen—a passenger by the *Warwick Castle*, and a friend who had come down to the Docks to meet him—to meet the other gent. I mean," explained the guard. "They travelled in that carriage, just beyond the saloon."

It was a first-class carriage, about the centre of the train, and had one compartment of which the door remained closed and the blinds down.

The guard paused, seemed to reflect for a moment—then he opened the door and looked in. The compartment was empty; but there was evidence of recent occupation. A crumpled newspaper lay in one corner, a half-smoked cigar was on the floor. The blinds on both sides were drawn down.

A blank look stole over the man's face.

"He was in here," he said. "They were all three in here, the two passengers by the *Warwick Castle*, and the gentleman what had come from London to meet his friend. P'raps they went away together without you a-noticing 'em," he added after another pause.

"He was expecting me to meet him," said Mr. Yaxley drily. The guard, he thought, looked at him in a queer sort of way. "He sent me a wire only a few minutes before starting. Said they were due at 10.50."

"Yes, I give him the time myself."

Stephen Yaxley gazed meditatively up and down the long length of platform. It was deserted now, save for a few porters and officials.

"There were three passengers, you say, in this compartment—"

"Yes," cut in the guard. "The gentleman you've described and two others."

"Then isn't it very funny what's become of them? Because I understand this train is a 'special,' and doesn't stop."

"Not in the usual way it don't, but we was pulled up by signal—"

"Don't fence with me, my man," exclaimed Mr. Yaxley impatiently. "You only carried London passengers. These men were bound for London. Then why are they not here? Mr. Wyburn—the man I was expecting to meet—I may tell you, had with him a very valuable parcel of diamonds."

"I think, sir," said the worried-looking guard, "p'raps you'd best come round with me to the police office."

He closed the carriage door, locked it, exchanged a few words with a platform inspector, who replied that he would have it—meaning the carriage—"shunted out," and led the way to the office of the superintendent of police.

Stephen Yaxley began to scent a mystery. Something, thought he, has happened on the journey, and the man's afraid to speak for fear of giving the company away.

At the police office, however, the man spoke freely enough. But the tale he told, so far from throwing any light on the mysterious disappearance of James Wyburn, only served to invest it with a significance more sinister, and a mystery that was deeper and darker than before.

"We left the Docks," he said, "at 9.17, and had a clear run to Basingstoke. Between Winchester and Fleet, however, I heard the driver whistle for the signals, and, looking out, saw that the 'long-distance' was against us."

"We were running at about fifty-five miles an hour. And

so unusual was it for us to be pulled up that the driver, thinking he had only to open his whistle for the semaphore to be lowered, kept his whistle going without shutting off steam, till he had to put on the 'vacuum' pretty hard to prevent us running past.

"There'll be a carpeting for somebody over this," I thought, 'stopping the "special."'

"And at the end of five minutes, the signal still remaining on, I left my van to speak to the driver."

It was a chilly, rainy night, with nasty patches of thick, white fog. Every now and then it would come down like a great wet blanket, shutting out everything. Well, another five minutes passed, and we were still 'held up.' Ten minutes' waiting for signals! And we were the 'special'! What could it mean?

"Better go and see what's amiss there, hadn't you?" said the driver. "I'll pick you up if I get the signal while you're away."

"The box" was 250 yards distant, and as soon as I got near enough I shouted. There was no reply. At the foot of the steps I shouted again. Then, mounting the steps I opened the door.

"The box was empty. There was nobody there. But there was a queer, sickly sort of smell about."

"What could have happened I couldn't think."

"If the man had been taken ill, had a fit, or fallen down dead, he would still have been there—leastways, his body would. But the place was empty. Yet he must have been there quite recently. His overcoat hung on its peg. A bright fire was burning in the stove. A can of tea had been set on the plate to warm."

"I couldn't understand the thing at all. But the 'special' had been waiting now for full fifteen minutes."

"Fixed against the back of the box was a telephone. I rang up the man in the next up cabin, and explained the situation. He accepted us, and I went back to the train. The fog was so thick at this time that you couldn't see the carriages till you were right on to 'em."

"At Fleet we pulled up and reported to the station-master."

"I'll send a man there at once to take charge," he said. "But Upton must have been in the box when the 'special' was signalled. He must have accepted her, or she'd have been stopped at the other box."

"Of course," explained the guard. "I saw that that was so. But I could only reply that the man was not in the box when I visited it."

"Then we got 'right away,'" he said, concluding his story, "having lost a good thirty minutes first and last, and arrived here forty minutes late."

The police inspector turned to Mr. Yaxley.

"And you suggest a robbery?"

"Well," said Stephen Yaxley grimly. "What do you think? Mr. Wyburn had with him over £5,000 worth of diamonds, and Wyburn is missing. So also, it appears, are the two men who travelled up with him. It doesn't want a Solomon, I think, to guess what's happened. Somebody must have given the job away, and Wyburn's been followed. The man who came from London to meet the man who came from the Cape was in the plot, and ready to assist in whatever deed of villainy had been concocted. So much I think is clear."

"No," said Yaxley, replying to the inspector. "I don't think he's been murdered. They wouldn't have troubled to carry away a dead body. The mystery is, what have they done with him?"

Well, he would have the keenest sleuth-hound at the "Yard" on the trail before morning.

Forty-eight hours later the story of the great diamond robbery was in the newspapers, embellished with many additions, the work of imaginative reporters. It included, however, one item that was new as well as true—the contribution of Upton, the signalman. He had been found by the search-party sent out by the station-master at Fleet, lying under a hedge in an unconscious condition about thirty yards from the foot of the steps leading to his box.

It was not till the next morning, however, that he was able to give a coherent account of himself.

He said that just after the Plymouth express passed he heard the "toot-toot" of a motor-car out on the road somewhere—it would be about 9.50. By the sound he thought the car was coming from the direction of Basingstoke.

"I was setting my tea on the stove to warm," the story proceeded, "when the door of the box was pushed open, and a big, heavy man in a motor overcoat with the collar up, and a fur cap with the ear-flaps down, stepped in. His goggles were pushed up over his cap, but all I could see of him was his nose and mouth."

"He apologised for his intrusion; said it was a beastly night—which it was—that he was chauffeur to General Hartley; and asked if I could put him on the best road to Aldershot."

"I said that I was expecting the 'Cape special' to be signalled every minute, and that after she'd passed I'd talk to him; but meanwhile I had a bicycle road book which he was welcome to look at."

"Almost at the same moment that I handed him the book," the narrator continued, "I received the signal. I

accepted the train, and had got both hands on the lever to pull off the semaphore when suddenly I felt my arms seized from behind in a grip like a vice, while a handkerchief, saturated with what I supposed to have been chloroform, was clapped over my nose and mouth.

"I saw then for the first time that there was a second man in the box. He must have been outside the door waiting for his cue. He got it, I expect, when he heard the four bells for the 'special,' and rushed in. It was this man who used the handkerchief. The signal, of course, was left on—which, I s'pose, was what they wanted."

"Yes," he said, replying to the interviewer; "they must have carried me out and put me under the hedge."

The detective, who had searched the railway carriage in vain for a clue—the newspaper left in the compartment was that day's *TELEGRAPH*, and had probably belonged to the man who met the boat; the half-smoked cigar was a popular Cape brand, but proved only that the smoker had probably been one of the passengers by the Cape Mail—found in the motor-car the hint he was looking for.

The job, he argued, was evidently engineered by the famous "Internationals"—American crooks.

Word had been sent over that Wyburn was leaving with the jewels, and the plot hatched in London.

The "special" was to be stopped at a spot convenient for the purpose. The motor-car would be waiting, and—

But at this point the detective found himself up against the same difficulty which had barred the way every time.

What had happened in the carriage? The motor-car clue would not help here.

What had followed the stopping of the train?

The night was foggy, the guard had gone to look up the signalman, and the door of the carriage could be opened from the inside. Points all in favour of anyone meditating foul play.

Unquestionably it was the motor-car by which the men effected their escape. But, if they took Wyburn with them, how was he conveyed from the carriage to the car; and, if they did not take him, then what had they done with him? Obviously the first step was to find the car.

Inquiries showed that a powerful car with two passengers and a chauffeur had arrived at Basingstoke late in the afternoon. The men had dined together at the "Swan" in the evening, afterwards spending some time in the smoking-room.

A telegram had arrived for one of them shortly after nine, and they had left at twenty-five past.

A copy of the telegram proved that it was dispatched from Southampton Docks at 9.7. "Leaving at 9.15," it ran. "Arrangements satisfactory."

The detective plucked up heart. He was on the trail. There was "two hundred and fifty" hanging to it, and a motor-car could be traced.

But on a raw night, with rain falling and fog about, the country-side is as deserted as the African desert. Nobody had seen a big car with five, or it might be six, men in it.

A month passed. Scotland Yard was mute, and Stephen Yaxley began to lose hope. The diamonds, of course, were past praying for. Their fate, however, could be guessed. But Wyburn! What of him? Dead or alive, James Wyburn had not turned up.

Six months passed, and then one day an American M.D., paying a visit to Canterbury Workhouse, saw there a man who struck him as under the influence of a certain noxious drug, commonly known in the United States as Mexican loco weed. Administered in different strengths, it produced different effects. This man seemed to have had some. His memory was gone, his mind vacant.

"He was found wandering on the road six months ago, half-demented, and brought here," said the workhouse surgeon. "He's much better now everyway, but he's never been able to give any account of himself. He appeared to be a gentleman, but there was no name on his linen—only the letter W., with three stars underneath."

"He'll recover," said the Yankee doctor after examining him. "He's had about enough of that wretched Mexican stuff to lay him out for nine or ten months. But he'll recover. It must have been administered to him feloniously. Our 'crooks' sometimes make use of it."

"The man has been the victim of foul play. I should send a statement of the facts to the papers. It may be the means of restoring him to his friends."

Ten days later Stephen Yaxley was at Canterbury, and in the poor, unknown derelict recognised his kinsman, James Wyburn.

It was another six months, however, before Wyburn told his story.

He had drunk from a flask, he said, which had been handed to him by one of his fellow-travellers, and soon after seemed to lose all sense of time, place, and personality.

"I believe," said he, "I forgot who I was, what I was doing, where I was going; I felt a strange loss of nerve and will-power. What I was told to do, I felt I must do."

When the train stopped, he supposed, they must have told him to get out, and he got out. No force was used. It was not necessary. He had some recollection of being in a motor-car, but none of how he got there.

"The fact is," said he, "that on what happened after that drink my memory is mostly a blank. I couldn't say of my own knowledge how I came to be at Canterbury—whether they put me off there, or whether I wandered thither."

Stephen Yaxley grunted.

"You were taken there in the motor, of course. They were probably bound for Dover, and dropped you at Canterbury. You would be no danger to them picked up on the Kentish roads; but found wandering in the Hampshire lanes—well, you might be. And they wouldn't want to take any risks they could avoid."

"And the diamonds. I suppose—"

"Went on to Amsterdam," said Yaxley, with a bad apology for a grin.

Joe . . . Skinner.

The Man with
the Sneer. . .

By ARTHUR SCOTT
GRAVEN.



PART THE SECOND.

"Trust them sons o' the gentry! They'd soon larn 'im 'ow
"To put up 'is dooks when it came to a row
"With the mean little scum as made game of 'im now.
"What HE wished to see was a Skinner the third,
"With a stout Skinner 'eart in a stout Skinner frame,
"As ud ADD to 'is father's an' grandfather's fame,
"An' make every beggar turn tail when 'e came!
"Not a cub as a cove need acknowledge with shame,
"But a son as a SKINNER might even acclaim
"As worthy alike of the breed and the name!
"Could she wonder 'is fatherly feelins was stirred
"When 'e tenderly, lovingly thought o' the same?"

"Fifty thick'uns a year was a tidy big 'eap—
(There was some as might call it a trifle too steep)—
"To pay for the little 'un's schoolin' an' keep.
"But 'e'd looked more than once afore takin' the leap,
"An' 'e'd pay FIFTY MORE, AND consider it cheap
"If it learnt the young shaver to make a clean sweep
"Of the gutter-bred crew as presumed to make fun
"Of a boy as was everywhere known as the son
"Of Joe Skinner the second, and second to none!
"She might sit there till Doomsday, an' whimper an' weep,
"But this whelp of a lion with the 'eart of a sheep
"Was a blow to 'is pride as 'e felt very deep,
"And a blow as 'e'd parry, whatever occurred!
"A Skinner a skunk,
"And a mean little funk!
"Twas agin all tradition, an' bloomin' absurd!"

Whist!
(Never so gently, now!)
Soft!
Not a word!
Not a sound at your peril!—(we mustn't be heard).
Let us fairly, warily, charily creep
Up the small attic flight,
Second door to the right,
To the wee fellow's bedside, and just steal a peep
At the poor little man as he lies there asleep.
What a theme for your cynic, my masters, is here!
This meek little mite,
So wan and so white,
So tender, so slender,
So puny and slight
That an adamant heart might be touched at the sight,
And that taunting, inimical, arrogant sneer!
Was ever adjustment so grossly unfair?
From the crown of his head to the tip of his nose,
From his weak little chin to his ten little toes
One eloquent plea for protection and care,
And just that small lip with its meaningless leer,
Sufficient to damn him wherever he goes!
What a theme for your cynic, my masters! Ah me!
What a heartless old dramatist Nature can be!

Though he wasn't to blame,
At school 'twas the same,
His chronic expression afforded rare game
To each tuppenny wit with a shaft to let fly
At the poor little beggar, too small to reply,
And by scholar and teacher alike—to their shame—
In a Spartan endeavour his spirit to tame,
He was cuffed and abused, and bullied and bruised,
In short, altogether outrageously used:
And if on occasion he sought to know why—
(With a sneer on his lip, and a tear in his eye)
They thuswise expounded their virtuous aim:
"They were hard with a purpose, and harsh to be kind."
"Twas all for his good, and extremely well meant,
"And merely designed
"With this object in mind:
"To change his expression to one of content."

Under pressure of penalties, firm and severe,
With this solace and cheer
He contrived for a year
By countless manoeuvres to combat the sneer,
But his friendliest smile fell unheeded and flat—
'Twas a menace at best—(and aggressive at that)
And his pleasantest word, howsoever sincere,
That tyrannical lip would transform to a jeer.

Till, sure he was fated
By all to be hated,
And bullied and beaten and badgered and baited,
And feeling at best like a trapped little rat,
Exposed to the view of each wayfaring cat,
The gloom of despair seized the lone little brat.
And I very much fear
It may pain you to hear
That contented no longer he tried to appear,
Though he quite understood
It was all for his good
(I hope I have made this sufficiently clear?)
And devised to inure
And ingenious puer
To complacently smile at, and calmly endure
All the kicks and the knocks,
And the sorrows and shocks
Of a hand-to-mouth, happy-go-lucky career.
But if work days were sad for this slip of a lad
I feel certain 'twill make you exceedingly glad,
To know there was one day,
And that day a Sunday,
When things—on the whole—weren't hopelessly bad.
When, indeed, at odd moments he almost forgot
His hard little, cramped little, sad little lot:
When—apart from the whacking received from his dad,
Due to Skinner the elder's peculiar fad
That all little boys, whether naughty or not,
Should partake of a weekly corrective served hot—
Life, even for him, held one bright golden spot.
One day in the seven when the knocks and the kicks,
And the sorrows and shocks of the other six
All changed in a moment to laughter and joy,
For mother, dear mother, was clasping her boy!
Ay, hugging him tight in a loving embrace,
And kissing his eager, upturned little face
As though, 'spite the lip that derisively curled,
'Twere the sweetest and bonniest face in the world!

Ah, that wonderful day!
Could my weak words convey
Just a twentieth part of the joy in my heart
As I covertly watch the young beggar at play,
Or—(with big wonder eyes, open wide with delight)—
All contentedly perched on his fond mother's knee,
Then—though all else in this poem were trite,
Never so, never so, never so trite—
What a wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful,
WONDERFUL poem this poem would be!

But since my old quill has a wonderful way
Of declining to budge when I urge it to write
All the wonderful things I am yearning to say,
Will you please to imagine the wonderful sight,
And, stealing one-twentieth part of my joy,
Give a nod and a smile to the lone little boy?

Such a bright little fellow, I give you my word,
Such a light-hearted, gay little Skinner the third,
With his eyes all aglow, and his little lip curled,
Just the brightest and bonniest boy in the world!
Now playing at horses, so joyously playing,
And stamping and prancing and kicking and neighing.

With his proud little mother—betwixt you and me—
Enjoying the fun
Even more than her son,
And both just as happy, as happy, as happy,
As happy, as happy, as happy can be!
With her reins and her whip, and her "Woa, Neddy,
woa!"
And her "Steady, my beauty!" and "Yoicks! Tally
Ho!"
Ah, who could help loving and petting and spoiling
And tenderly guarding her wee little Joe,
Her own little, frail little, dear little Joe?

But the saddest of all saddest days to recall
In the life of this sprig of humanity small
Is that day when he read
The scrawled message which said
That his dear little pal of a mother was dead.
(Alas! that this sorrow of sorrows should fall
On that meek, unoffending, bowed-down little head!)
"Yes, he wasn't to fret, or to mope, or to grieve,
"But accepting the blow as a true Skinner should
"With a stiff upper lip—do his best to believe
"As 'twas somehow or other devised for his good.
"Which," as Joe père remarked, "was the best tone
to take
"When a feller 'ad summat unpleasant to break
"To a kid like 'is Joe—with a 'alf-quid or so
"Inclosed in the letter to soften the blow!"

Lone, motherless mite, with the sad wistful eyes,
Cold comfort to tell you that "God understands!"
Ah! . . . well may you gaze at the answerless
skies,
Or bury that wee mocking face in your hands!

Gone!
Bolted!
Fled!
In the dawn, cold and grey,
With a soft, nervous tread,
At the first glimpse of day,
From his hard little bed

He had stolen away!
Down the rickety stair,
Whilst the other boys slept.
He had stealthily,
carefully,
cautiously,
crept,
Then . . . out through the window,
The devil knew where!

Yet I happen to know—
(Though they searched high and low
With unwavering zeal for a twelvemonth or so,
With never a sign of poor runaway Joe)—
That that hapless young shaver, ill-used and ill-fed,
Was "a learnin' 'is Lunnun" and begging his bread,
Picking up an odd penny wherever he could,
And trying to believe, as a true Skinner should,
"As 'twas all for the best an' devised for 'is good"—
With his bruised little back ever turned to the wall,
And that damnable sneer the one cause of it all!

As the boy, so the man, save as years crept along
He grew gay and light-hearted, and sturdy and strong.
Though unaltered his fate,
For I grieve to relate
That things, now as ever, went hopelessly wrong.
Though he worked—when he could—with unfailing
good grace,
To apply for a job, with a sneer on his face,
And a look of disdain,
Made the kindest refrain
From giving the ill-fated beggar a place.
Then if to his comrades-in-sorrow he spoke,
Or ventured to crack an inspiring joke,
They would all edge away.
As much as to say,
"Well, ain't 'e a nasty sarkestical bloke!"

Yet he'd made up his mind
Since he never could find
One solution of life which he quite understood,
Just to take this on trust—as the best of us must—
"That 'twas somehow or other devised for 'is good."
(Though in case this old saw
Should unhappily draw
From the learned and wise an impatient guffaw,
Or a sceptical smile, let me hasten to add
'Twas the sole consolation the old fellow had.)

And so, step by step, this untrumpeted saint
Went steadily, steadily down to the end,
With never a sigh or a word of complaint,
With never a nod, or a smile, or a friend,
Till we meet him at last a street-singer forlorn,
With that look which he wore on the day he was born—
A leer
And a sneer,
Saturnine and aggressive,
And wholly expressive of arrogant scorn,
Of taunting, inimical, insolent, impudent,
Militant, menacing, arrogant scorn!
Still—
(And here once again let it be noted how effectively I
expend an entire line on a word of a single syllable
to emphasise the supreme importance of the verses
immediately following.)

Though the meanest gamin guy'd him—
(Mark this well, please!)
Though the meanest gamin guy'd him
With boo-hoos of execration,
And the noblest Duke decried him
With a smothered imprecation,
No obscurity shall hide him
From MY mood of veneration.
In our artist's illustration,
For your earnest contemplation,
See the martyr'd saint enshrined!

Whist!
Never so gently, now!
Soft!
Not a word!
Not a sound, my good masters!—(we mustn't be heard).
Let us fairly, warily, charily creep
Up the small attic flight,
Through the door on your right,
To the old fellow's bedside, and just steal a peep
At the gentle old man as he lies there asleep:
So good and kind hearted, so meek and so mild,
With the face of a satyr, the heart of a child.
What a theme for your cynic, my masters! Ah me!
What a heartless old dramatist Nature can be!

THE END.

SCHOOLMASTER (at the end of object lesson): "Now,
can any of you tell me what is water?"
Small and Grubby Urchin: "Please, teacher,
water's what turns black when you put your 'ands
in it!"

"Do you think your father would like me as a
son-in-law?"
"Yes; I believe he would."
"Oh, joy! I—"
"Papa and I never agree about anything, you
know."

HOME NOTES may not appeal to you if you're a mere male, but just give a copy to your dearest
lady friend, and see how she enjoys it.

SIDELIGHTS ON CRICKET.



A Splendid Topical Article by P. F. WARNER.

WHEN it is remembered that the first beginnings of South African cricket date from the tour of Major Wharton's team in the winter of 1888-89, it will be admitted that the rise of South Africa in the world of cricket has been extraordinarily rapid; but though the rivalry between English and South African cricketers can look back to a starting point of less than twenty years, from my own experience I should be the last person to say that the South African cricketer of to-day was over ambitious in throwing down the gauntlet to the full strength of England.

It was in the year 1888—as I have said—that Major Wharton organised the first English team of cricketers which visited South Africa, and it was but six years later before the seeds then sown had sufficiently matured to allow the South Africans to feel full confidence in their powers to return the compliment, and to try conclusions with English players on their own grounds.

But the South African of 1894 did little to arouse any large amount of attention. E. A. Halliwell was a first-class wicket-keeper, C. O. H. Sewell a young batsman of the highest promise, and G. Rowe a capital slow, left-handed bowler. The great majority of matches were against second-class teams, and, on the whole, the tour fell rather flat.

Between 1888 and 1894 another English eleven, under the captaincy of the late W. W. Read, visited the Cape, and returned unbeaten. This was a very strong side, and included W. L. Murdoch, G. Brann, J. J. Ferris, J. T. Hearne, Alec Hearne, Martin, Pougher, and Chatterton.

A CAPITAL RECORD.

In 1895 and 1898, Lord Hawke toured throughout South Africa, and it was plain to all that the standard of cricket was improving year by year, and no one was surprised when it was announced in 1901 that the South Africans felt themselves strong enough to again send an eleven to England.

In spite of a bad start they did capitally, and their complete record was thirteen victories, nine defeats, and two drawn games. They were, indeed, a very good body of players. Hathorn, Bisset, and Tancred were the best batsmen, and Sinclair, Kotze, Rowe, and Graham did the bowling.

Following their tour in England in 1902, the Australians went home by the Cape, and played six matches in South Africa. Three test matches were played, the first of which was left drawn, and the other two were won by the Australians, but in the first two matches the South Africans made a splendid fight.

Then came the highly successful tour in this country in 1904, when, out of twenty-six matches, thirteen were won, nine drawn, and three lost, the remaining fixture, with Middlesex at Lord's, ending in a tie. Beyond all question this was a really good team, and the way they beat a strong eleven of England at Lord's rather opened our eyes.

TURF v. MATTING WICKETS.

The tour of the M.C.C. in the winter of 1905-06 only went further to show the rapid improvement in South African cricket, for out of five test matches the South Africans won four—three of them by overwhelming margins, and so fine was their form at every point that on their own grounds it would be necessary to put practically the best eleven in England into the field in order to defeat them. For their batting was consistently good down to the last man; their bowling was high in excellence and varied in style, and the fielding was both dashing and safe.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of the story of South African cricket, and it cannot be denied that much has been evolved in a period of eighteen years.

But, then, as the "Springboks" and some of the Rhodes scholars have shown us, the South African is a born athlete, and the sports and games of the Old Country come easily to him in such a good climate, where men grow to great strength and activity.

As everyone knows, you never by any chance see a grass wicket in South Africa, matting being used everywhere. Cricket on matting is not half such a good game as cricket on turf, but as there is no turf worthy of the name in South Africa, South Africans have no other alternative but to play on matting. English cricket teams in South Africa invariably play below their true form, and this fact may be set down chiefly to the matting, for which I have never heard an English batsman express a liking.

The great difficulty is in the movement of the feet, and the different pace and height at which the ball comes off the matting, as compared with a turf wicket. Then, again, the bright light is very trying, and the long railway journeys are apt to be detri-

mental to the energy and efficiency of a travelling team.

I mention these points not by way of excuse for the severe defeats inflicted on the M.C.C. team, but by way of explanation of the indifferent performances of a side which, on paper, at any rate, was by no means weak. Our opponents were a better side than we were—that was the sole

reason of their defeating us. The off breaking leg break of the Bosanquet school has exercised a great influence over South African cricket.

R. O. Schwarr was his first disciple, and a still better imitator is G. A. Faulkner. More accurate in his length than Bosanquet—I am thinking of the Bosanquet of the Australian tour, 1903-04, the period when he was at his best—and faster in pace, Faulkner, indeed, is a bowler of remarkable ability, one who, on his day, is capable of dismissing a strong batting side for a small score on a good wicket.

So quickly did he break the ball from leg on the matting wicket at Johannesburg, that he nearly always had two slips, while his command of length was so great that he had only two men "out," a long on, and a deep square leg.

BOWLING WITH BRAINS.

Something of the headwork and strategy of the best Australian bowlers is to be found in the South Africans' work in this respect, and at the present moment they are distinctly superior to the Australians in their power of attack.

A moderate bowler—by that I mean the mechanical, spinless bowler—is easy enough to play on a matting wicket, but finger spin bowlers are much more difficult than on grass; for the ball turns more quickly and to a greater extent on matting than on grass, and also rises higher. And so the South African found that to succeed as a bowler it was necessary to develop exceptional powers of break, spin, or deception; and the wonderful success achieved, on occasions, by Bosanquet lead thoughtful observers to study the method he had adopted, with the result that the M.C.C. found it very hard to get runs.

But on a good turf wicket bowlers of this type will certainly not be so difficult to meet as on matting; and as the best eleven in England to-day will be strongly armed in every respect we can await the issue of the struggle with this our newest competitor from among the younger nations with confidence.

But, at the same time, it would be sheer folly to underrate the South Africans, for nothing short of our very best will be required to defeat them.

The Australians have written their name in such large letters in the history of English cricket, that there is no need to refer to their exploits at this time of day. But it may be remarked that they sprang their cricket powers on us even more suddenly than the South Africans, for when the first Australian team came to this country in 1878, a good many people thought that they were black men.

IN THE DARK AGES.

But these were the dark ages, when few people took any interest in the Colonies, and fewer still knew where Australia was. The starting point of Australian cricket was on that May Day, many years since now, when a powerful M.C.C. team was dismissed for 33 and 19.

Since that startlingly dramatic match Australia has scarcely ever looked back. There may have been an occasional lean year, but these have been lost in the memory of the many superb elevens which Englishmen have encountered both here and on the lovely grounds of Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

But over and above their actual skill, Australian cricketers have always been renowned for their fearless and dogged resistance to adverse circumstances, and for a supreme power of "fighting with their backs to the wall," a quality which is shared in almost as great a degree by the South Africans.

When one recalls that twenty-five years ago the prospect of any eleven being able to hold its own against our best men was looked upon as an impossibility, the rise of Australia, and, now, South Africa, to an eminence which the past has proved fully justifies them in challenging "England," is a notable proof of the spread of the national game amongst our kinsmen across the seas.

(Next week: "Cricket Ground Characters.")

"I suppose you expect a tip, waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it's always the unexpected that happens. Good-evening!"

"This is a most delightful place," said a tourist to an innkeeper in a small town in the North of France, "but it is certainly a strange idea to pave the roads with such terribly sharp pebbles."

"Ah, oui!" replied the landlord. "But what can you expect, monsieur! The mayor, 'e is a shoe-maker!"



["Tinrils" sells penny toys on Ludgate Hill, and he has stood and shivered or frizzled there for about ten years. He is to be identified by his exceeding thinness.]

My name is Jim Oakley (Jim, not James), but I am generally called "Tinrils." My age is fifty-two, and I have been a street toyseller for about thirty years. As a boy, I used to sell matches and papers, so if you write me down forty years a street merchant you won't be a mile out.

Father was the inventor and maker of penny lambs, which he hawked about the streets. He had a loud, musical voice, and it was his habit to call attention to his lambs with a little song composed by himself.

But you don't want to know about my old dad; I only trotted him out to show that street selling runs in the blood, like picture-painting and poetry-writing.

There's not a fortune to be made in this business, you can take my tip; there are too many in it. Years ago I made as much in one day as I now do in three. I make about 1s. a day profit, day in, day out. At Christmas time I do very well out of Christmas tree ornaments. Last Christmas week I made over £2 profit, which was better than being run over by a waltzing motor-bus, as we nearly are twice a minute whenever the hill's a bit greasy.

It's a hard life, and harder still if you haven't got a regular pitch. Then you get shoved about from pillar to post by the coppers. As you know, they tried very hard to have us all removed from here, and are still trying. But we shall take a lot of shunting.

HATED THE POLICE LIKE POISON.

It seems to me that everything is done to prevent a poor devil earning a crust. No wonder there are so many people in our prisons. I have heard that poverty is no crime. Well, it seems to be a precious good imitation, and anyway it's jolly inconvenient.

Talking about coppers reminds me of a chap we called "Bogey," out of compliment to his dial. He used to stand near me, and sold walnuts, when in season.

He hated the police like poison, in consequence of a misunderstanding about a ham, and one day, when a squad of them came marching down the pavement, bowed if he didn't call out, "Here's a dozen more o' 'em, all cracked."

Of course, he only meant his walnuts—of course. He went out of business sudden soon afterwards.

It's wonderful what you can get for a penny nowadays. Do you want to win a sweet smile from your wife, without having to bust your bank balance? Here's a sewing-machine, warranted to work.

Do you like a mild flutter?—here's a pack of cards, or if you have a weakness for skittles, take this little lot home and play on the drawing-room table.

Or perhaps you want something for the kids—here's a Noah's Ark, fourteen animals with Mr. and Mrs. Noah, correct portraits, chucked in.

Or a set of chessmen, or a box of soldiers, or a box of dominoes, or a gold watch and chain, for which Bennett's would charge you £5—here you are, 1d.

Lots of people collect penny toys, and I know one gentleman who has over 2,000 of them, which he keeps in a room specially fitted up for the purpose. People do collect strange things nowadays, what with china, cigar bands (I prefer cigar ends), coins, and one thing and another.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC COIN COLLECTOR.

I should rather like to collect coins myself—especially quids. My old mother had a good collection of pawn-tickets, after the old chap died.

Talking of Bennett's, I used to see Sir John Bennett a lot when I stood in Cheapside. And I remember seeing him at Epsom one Derby Day, mounted on his horse and a smile on his handsome face. I was quite close to him selling my toys, and he looked at me and said, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before, my man?" "Yes, my lord," I replied, "in Cheapside." He gave me a bob to drink his health. I wonder why it is all the good-natured people die?

I haven't missed a Derby for thirty years, and always sell my stock right out there, but I generally does the lot in on one of them eighteen carat rolled-gold certainties.

One Derby a young swell came up to me and asked me to lend him my tray, and he would sell for me—he'd been doing more than look at the ruby, I fancy. I gave him my tray, and off he went round the carriages, and came back with about two quid. And, not content with that, he gave me the only decent feed I ever had in my life. Chicken and ham, and some shaky stuff the colour of shandy gaff. And the drink! I never dreamt of such stuff. It seemed all alive in the glass, and I could have drunk a bucket of it. I pretty nigh did.

You know there's a lot of nob's over from the Colonies. Well, I had one of them along the other day, and he bought one of everything I had on my tray. I don't remember his name, but he told me he was the Prime Minister of New Zealand, and that in his country there were no poor, and everybody had enough to eat. Thought he saw a bit o' green in my eye, he did.

1536 yards of rubber thread go to the making of the modern golf-ball. Other extraordinary figures that will interest golfers appear in the June number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

NO PAST IS DEAD.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

Author of "Shadows of London," "The Knave of Diamonds," "In Name Only," etc., etc.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

Just a lovers' quarrel, but how far-reaching was the result to be!

The green-eyed monster arises between Dennis Garth and Olive Kernham, and that bane of all lovers, pride, brings about a disagreement. Dennis loathes Ernest Roden, and objects to his sweetheart conversing with him. Olive shares her lover's dislike for the cunning, malicious Roden, but remonstrates with Dennis about his jealousy.

The breach broadens, and sharp words are spoken. Olive hands back her ring, the symbol of a secret engagement. Her lover flings it from him across the twilight moor. Then he strides away.

The awakening comes. Olive calls her lover's name, but only the echoes answer. With a cold feeling at her heart she wends her homeward way.

As she nears the cliffs she sees a sight that appals her. Two men are struggling on the precipitous edge. Suddenly the night air is rent by a shriek, and one of the combatants topples over. Olive recognises his distorted face. It is Ernest Roden.

Fear grips the girl's heart. Is this her lover's revenge? But her doubts are soon set at rest; the man at whose hand Roden has been killed rushes past her. It is not Dennis, but Ailwyn Trent, a neighbouring landowner's son.

Swiftly someone approaches her from behind; Margaret Roden, the dead man's sister, appears, having heard her brother's death scream. Olive implores her not to go further, but still she races on.

The sister who had been blind to all Roden's faults reaches the scene of the struggle. A coastguard is there also. By a circuitous descent he reaches the dead body. Margaret follows him. She obtains a glimpse of her brother's battered form, and the coastguard catches her as she faints.

Ailwyn Trent runs home like one possessed. Olive meets him again, and they enter his residence. Whilst he is declaring that it was an accident that sent Roden over the precipice, his father enters. When Sir Lionel Trent hears of his son's crime he thinks not of himself, but of his wife. Lady Trent is seriously ill, and if her son is arrested the shock will possibly kill her.

There is but one thing to do. Margaret Roden must have guessed that Olive had seen the struggle, but Margaret is unconscious, her lips are sealed; the doctor says she will not be able to speak for a week. At the end of that period Olive will be forced to give evidence, and the truth will come to light. Sir Lionel understands this. He suggests a way out, and implores Olive, for the sake of the woman who has been as a mother to her, to follow the course suggested.

If Olive and Ailwyn marry, Olive will not have to give evidence against Ailwyn, for the law decrees that a wife need not give evidence against her husband.

Poor Olive! In her heart she loves Dennis Garth, but that very evening they had parted with bitter words. The troubled girl begs a day to think over matters. She comes to her decision. To save Lady Trent's life she will marry Ailwyn.

But Ailwyn knows that in shielding one crime he will commit another. Two years ago he secretly married a chorus girl, and his wife is still living. Roden discovered his secret, and continually blackmailed him. The wrestle on the cliffs was the result.

Ailwyn pays a visit to his real wife's abode, some cheap flats in Battersea, with the intention of recovering a photograph of himself that she possesses. She is absent, so he turns over her belongings in his efforts to find the portrait. His search is fruitless, and, disappointed, he leaves the house.

That night Mrs. George Ailwyn, as she is known, is found murdered. The police obtain a description of her mysterious husband, whose visits are very infrequent, but who had called upon her that very day.

They find something on the floor. It may prove a clue. Olive marries Ailwyn. Then, too late, Dennis returns. He is astounded on hearing of the marriage, and whilst talking with Olive he is arrested for Roden's murder. The dead man's sister has spoken and implicated him. In the dim light she had mistaken him for Ailwyn.

Only then does Olive realise the enormity of her action. She, who knows the real culprit, must not tell, and Dennis, the man she loves, will have to suffer. Rather than let an innocent man bear the blame, she entreats her husband to confess, but Ailwyn is afraid to.

YOU CAN NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Behind Closed Doors.

AILWYN TRENT paced restlessly up and down the long oak-panelled dining-room. The light from the wax candles placed at intervals down the table glittered on the silver and glass, and threw up the white, drawn face of Sir Lionel in the high-backed chair at the head, but left the further spaces of the room in shadow. Outside the night was pressing against the window-panes, and a sad wind made the dead leaves rustle on the flagged terrace like ghostly footsteps.

It was the day after Ailwyn's marriage. Dinner was over. There had been a slight rally in Lady Trent's condition, though it was still grave enough to warrant deep anxiety. New lines seemed to have deepened in Sir Lionel's face during the last twenty-four hours. The blow of Dennis Garth's arrest had added a new suspense. Father and son had been discussing that unexpected issue that fate had flung into the situation.

"Argue as we may, it is wrong to keep silent now," said the older man, breaking a pause. "We have no right to let that poor lad lie in prison a day, an hour, when you could exculpate him. Only—God help me, how selfish love can make us, can drug one's sense of duty, when silence means practically one's loved one's only chance of life! Rowe warned me again to-day against the slightest excitement. It's not as though there would be a case against young Garth."

But there was a note of shame in his voice. He knew, this upright man, that, however hard, duty was duty, honour was honour—the scrupulous honour with which in his long life he had never paltered before.

"There's no case against him, of course," said Ailwyn moodily. "So far, only the local police have had to do with the case—trust them to blunder! Now that Scotland Yard is sending a man down, it will soon be realised that there's no evidence against Garth really. The proceedings will be quashed, or, in any case, the grand jury will never let it go into court. It isn't pleasant for Garth, and God knows I'm sorry—but it's the lesser evil. With me my mother is the paramount consideration, and so, right or wrong, I mean to keep my secret for the present—for her sake."

Ailwyn spoke the last three words almost defiantly, as though he would convince himself that no more ignoble motive actuated him.

But could he convince himself?

He came from a long line of brave and honourable men—the portraits of some of them were looking down from the panelled walls, dimly touched by the gleams of the candles—typified in the old, white-haired aristocrat facing him across the table. Ailwyn knew that only a motive absolutely unselfish—and that the most vital—could have tempted his father even to dally with this compromise with duty.

The last of a long line of brave men—and a coward! A curious feeling came to Ailwyn that those eyes of his ancestors on the walls were watching him—that he was on his defence before their shadowy tribunal. The fire had burned hollow. A bridge of coal fell into the red chasm and blazed up; the fitful illumination played strange tricks with the faces in the broad gold frames, making them start out with sudden vividness for a moment or two, lending an almost uncanny suggestion of movement.

Ailwyn could almost have believed that the bewigged face over the mantel-shelf—the portrait of an ancestor who had been known as a hanging judge in his day—wore a sneering look of contempt, as though that dead-and-gone Trent knew those protests to be a lie—knew that it was not to spare his mother, but a craven fear of consequences to himself that dictated his expressed determination.

From the drawing-room sweet strains of music crept faintly in upon the silence. Almost mechanically Olive had sat down at the piano; the sadness of autumn, the crying of the wind and the sea, seemed to find expression under the touch of the white fingers.

The frown deepened in Ailwyn's face with a sudden recollection. Had Olive's intuition laid bare his real motive, which his father did not suspect? He winced as he remembered the flicker of scorn in the clear eyes as she told him that his honour was at stake.

"Well, Olive is indifferent to me," he muttered to himself. "She couldn't have shown that much more plainly—would still be indifferent if I did clear Garth. Let things take their course. I won't put my neck into the noose for Garth or anyone else! It's not only this Roden affair; it would inevitably lead to my being identified as the George Ailwyn the police are looking for. The discovery that I applied for a marriage license when I had a wife living—that and the fact that I was seen at her rooms the day she was murdered would be enough to put a rope round my neck. Confound them, I won't speak!"

Ailwyn stopped suddenly in his restless pacing, listening intently. In the hall he heard a woman's raised, excited voice. With a white face he bent across the table to his father.

"My God! Why has she come?" he said in a low, sharp whisper.

"Who?"—in a startled voice.

"Margaret Roden! Why has she left a sick bed to come here? She—she can't suspect!"

There was a knock at the door; a manservant appeared. Almost before he could announce her Margaret Roden pushed past the man into the room.

"Sir Lionel, forgive this intrusion, but I am half-distracted. I want to see Olive Kernham—your daughter-in-law, I mean. I am told, though I could hardly believe it at first, that yesterday she and your son were married, that she is here. I must see her," she cried feverishly.

Ailwyn had shrunk back as far as possible into the shadow. Why had this woman come—the woman who had seen him rushing away from the cliff on that fatal night? Had she discovered her mistake of identity? Was his house of lies crumbling?

That only a fictitious strength sustained her was evident. Her figure averted as she stood there; her eyes were touched with the unnatural glitter of fever.

Sir Lionel drew forward a chair for her.

"Won't you sit, Miss Roden? I am afraid you are still ill."

"Oh, I couldn't rest—it was madness, perhaps, but I had to come! The doctor said I wasn't to get up, but I stole out when the nurse wasn't in the room. I felt I must come—I must see Olive Kernham!"

"It must have been a strong motive that made you run such risks," Sir Lionel spoke quietly, but he dreaded the answer to his question.

"I believe she can say who murdered my poor Ernest!" the woman broke out in a storm of hysterical passion. "She knows—and she shall speak! The only thing I have to live for now is to avenge my brother!"

In the far corner of the room the passionate words came to Ailwyn Trent like a breath from Arctic seas. He turned to the sideboard and poured out some spirits into a tumbler; his hand shook so violently that he spilt half of it on the polished oak.

"Olive Kernham was near the scene of the crime that night; I saw her—though my mind is so blurred, I'm sure I saw her. Perhaps she knows everything. But she must speak!"

There was a moment's pause. Then Sir Lionel said quietly:

"I will tell my daughter-in-law that you wish to see her."

Olive rose from the piano as he entered the drawing-room.

"Olive, Miss Roden is here, and she insists upon seeing you."

"Insists on seeing me? Why?" Olive's tones were startled.

"She believes she saw you that night—that you can say who was the guilty man."

A little cry broke from the girl.

"What am I to say?" she asked piteously.

"I can't prompt you," he said in a low voice.

The white, girlish figure came into the room like a ghost. Margaret Roden started up, made an excited movement towards her.

"I have come because I couldn't rest till I had seen you. All through my delirious wanderings one fancy has haunted me—that on that terrible night I met you, that you can say whose hand sent my poor brother to his death! Tell me—what did you see that night?"

"You say you saw me?" Olive echoed, speaking to gain time.

What was she to say? She could not, must not speak the words that would clear Dennis; she was Ailwyn's wife. To admit having seen Dennis at all might weave the evidence closer about him. There was only one thing to do.

"I saw nothing—I know nothing!" she said.

"But it must be that I saw you that night. How could it haunt me so in my fever that you were there—that you told me to go back?" cried Margaret excitedly. "What are you hiding? Are you trying to shield Dennis Garth? Is it because you and he were lovers that you say this?"

As he heard the words Sir Lionel gave a quick, startled glance into the girl's face; he saw how wide the eyes were, how unsteady the mouth. A sudden conviction flashed over him, and the heartbreak in the cry that broke from Olive strengthened it:

"God knows I am not shielding Dennis Garth!"

"Miss Roden," broke in the baronet, "you forget—"

"Oh, I had forgotten your marriage for the moment—but I thought you and Dennis Garth were lovers; my brother thought so. But you wouldn't shield a murderer, would you?" cried the half-demented woman wildly.

"Tell me the truth—did you not stop me that night and bid me go back?"

The glittering, feverish eyes were fastened questioningly on the girl's face.

"How often do you want my denial?" Olive asked wearily. "I have nothing else to say."

The light seemed to die out of the older woman's eyes.

"It must have been a dream, I suppose," she said slowly, as though convinced at last. "But even without your help I'll bring this home to the man I know murdered my brother—Dennis Garth! He always hated Ernest."

And it was he I saw flying through the wood from the

scene of his crime; that was no dream. And that fact shall hang Dennis Garth!

The girl listened to the hysterical outburst with a whitening face, and she averted. The old baronet put out his hand and let it close over hers with a sympathetic pressure. The long strain had been almost too much for Olive. To know that she could have cleared the man she loved—and that her lips were sealed!

"No, no; you are wrong! It could not have been Dennis Garth!" she cried wildly, and Ailwyn, listening feverishly, caught his breath for a moment, wondering if in her overwrought state the truth would break from her. "Whoever it was you saw, it was not Dennis!"

There was an interruption. A knock at the door; then the manservant appeared.

"The superintendent of police, sir, wishes to see you when you are disengaged."

"You may show him in at once. I will see him now. I am sure Miss Roden will excuse me," said Sir Lionel.

Like his son, he feared further questioning of Olive, and welcomed the interruption that afforded breathing-space.

The superintendent of police of the neighbouring town entered. He spoke with his hand raised at salute.

"I am sorry to disturb you at so late an hour, sir," he said to the baronet, "but the prisoner, young Mr. Garth, is anxious for permission to have an interview with a lady to-morrow. And, you being the nearest magistrate, sir, besides knowing the prisoner personally—old neighbours, after all, Sir Lionel, if I may take the liberty to say so—I make application to you to sign the order. No objection on the part of the police, sir."

"And the name of the lady?" The baronet's lips seemed parched.

"Well, sir—the superintendent hesitated; he seemed rather confused—"the lady the prisoner wishes to see is—the lady present, sir—Mrs. Ailwyn Trent."

There was a moment's pause. Sir Lionel turned to the girl. That conviction of a moment ago was confirmed.

"Yes, yes," Olive whispered feverishly. "I will see Dennis! I will—I must!"

Margaret Roden's eyes had not left Olive; she saw the emotion that the girl's white face could not hide. She cried out fiercely, triumphantly:

"Then you did see Dennis Garth that night! And you were lying to me—lying, lying! Why should he send for you, another man's wife, unless there's a conspiracy between you to shield him? But you shall be made to speak in the witness-box, where the truth shall be dragged out of you!"

Olive saw the puzzled look that came into the superintendent's usually impassive face, and realised that the moment was crucial. This woman must be convinced once and for all—and the listening police officer convinced too.

She drew herself up, and with a superb self-possession she said coldly:

"Then you still persist in mistaking your delirious fancies for actual facts. It is only because I make allowance for your state of mind that I do not resent these wild imputations. You did not meet me on the night of your brother's death; I saw no one that night—no one. I can throw no light whatever on the crime."

"So she loves Dennis Garth—I might have guessed it from yesterday's scene, from her eagerness that I should sacrifice myself to clear him!" Ailwyn Trent muttered to himself, with a frown.

Even in the midst of his present guilty apprehensiveness and suspense, a bitter hatred was beginning to take root in his mind—the hatred a man feels towards one he is injuring, intensified by jealousy.

"Why does he want this interview with Olive—my wife? Why is she so ready to go? She held her tongue before that mad woman Margaret Roden, but who knows what admissions she may not let fall when she and Garth meet? My father ought to have refused to sign the order."

Margaret Roden and the police superintendent had gone—the latter bearing the magistrate's written permission for an interview between the prisoner and Olive. Ailwyn had left the house, too—was walking quickly down the country road in the direction of Stephen Garth's place.

It was a large house standing on the outskirts of the village. Stephen Garth, a widower, master of the big iron foundries at Thornsett, and Sir Lionel were not intimate; but to a certain extent their sons had been, and Ailwyn had been a frequent visitor at the house.

He knocked at the door.

"Is Mr. Garth at home?"

"No, sir."

Ailwyn had been aware of this fact before he put the question. He happened to know that Stephen Garth was in Thornsett, working heaven and earth on behalf of his son.

"I am sorry. I wanted to see Mr. Garth rather particularly." He made as if to go; then turned, as if on an impulse. "I will go into the library and write a note to leave for him, if I may?" he said.

The maid noticed how white his face was as he entered. But then he was a friend of Mr. Dennis's, and naturally much upset. The maid herself had been crying.

She opened the door of the nondescript room known as the library. It was a room familiar to Ailwyn. Dennis had used it as his den, where his friends usually sat when they came to see him.

"You will find everything you want, sir, on the table."

And the maid left him.

The instant the door was closed a crafty, furtive look crept into Ailwyn's face.

He stole noiselessly on tip-toe to the door and listened for a moment; then, after a quick glance round the room, he stealthily opened a drawer in the writing table, still listening intently for the faintest warning of possible interruption.

It was a drawer crammed with odds and ends belonging to Dennis Garth: pipes, cigar-holders, half-a-dozen cartridges—a medley of unimportant trifles.

After a second's deliberation Ailwyn took out a silver

cigarette-case, engraved on one side with Dennis's initials. It was not the only cigarette-case in the drawer, and its disappearance was not likely to be noticed. He put it into his pocket.

As he closed the drawer Ailwyn's restless eyes were attracted by something in the corner of the room—a bundle of golf-sticks and a collection of walking-sticks belonging to Dennis.

"I wonder if one of those wouldn't be better?" he muttered reflectively.

He listened for a moment, then cautiously took out from the stack a blackthorn stick; there was a knob of silver on the tip of the handle, engraved like the cigarette-case.

An ugly look of craft and cunning gleamed in Ailwyn Trent's face as these mysterious proceedings occupied him.

"It's everyone for himself in this world, after all," he said below his breath.

Softly he pulled aside the drawn curtains, and as cautiously opened the window. Outside the night was dark. He put his head out. No sound, no one about. He flung the blackthorn stick out into the garden, aiming for a clump of rose-bushes just touched with the light from the room. Then quite noiselessly closed the window again.

He sat down and wrote a few lines to Stephen Garth expressing sympathy on his father's part and his own. This he gave to the maid in the hall, and went out.

When the hall door was closed Ailwyn Trent retraced his steps towards the side of the house, treading on the lawn to make no sound—walked towards that clump of rose-trees.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

On the Cliff Heights.

SIR LIONEL TRENT stole softly from his wife's bedside. The weary eyes had closed at last in sleep, and for a space the suffering that had graven deep lines in the thin, delicate face was forgotten. Sir Lionel turned on the threshold to look back with dim eyes and a feeling of thankfulness. Her sleep had been less broken to-day. It was a good sign.

He found Olive in the drawing-room. She was alone, sitting on the white bearskin rug staring into the fire.

There was something pathetic in the attitude, a look of unfathomable sadness in her eyes as she turned her head at his approach, that clutched at his heart.

She cared for Dennis Garth—that conviction had swept on him during the interview with Margaret Roden, adding a new poignancy to the problem. He looked at her sadly. It was forced upon him that his wild plan for shielding Ailwyn had been a terrible mistake. He had thought that, in spite of the strange circumstances of its coming about, the marriage might turn out a happy one. Had he only succeeded in spoiling Olive's life!

"My poor, brave Olive," he said, touching her shoulder with a pitiful gesture.

She looked up at him with a quivering mouth, then buried her face in her hands and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Hush, my dear!" he said gently. "I know what a terrible blow this is—but at least Dennis Garth will not be found guilty. The wonder is that he was arrested on such flimsy evidence. But I want to assure you of one thing—that if we were not sure, my boy and I, that his release is practically a certainty, that the proceedings will inevitably be dropped, Ailwyn would have spoken already, exculpating Garth. Ailwyn is the soul of honour—only you know how much he loves his mother, how we both fear for her at this critical time. Dennis is in no real danger. If he were, then at any hazard Ailwyn would come forward and speak. You don't doubt that, my child?"

Was it Ailwyn's silence after the arrest of young Garth, Sir Lionel wondered, that had caused the rift between them of which he was conscious? Married only yesterday—and Ailwyn was elsewhere, and his bride alone here and in tears. A chapter of mistakes throughout! Only it was too late to think of that now.

"I'll bring Ailwyn to you, my dear. You mustn't judge him too hardly because—rightly or wrongly—he makes his mother the first consideration of all," he said almost pleadingly.

Olive did not answer.

He walked slowly from the room.

Where was Ailwyn? From a servant Sir Lionel learnt that his son had gone out half-an-hour ago. He walked out into the grounds. He half expected to find Ailwyn pacing the lawn, his mental stress seeking relief in physical activity.

But no sign of Ailwyn. He must look for him further afield.

Sir Lionel walked through the wicket gate aimlessly; then a thought flashed across him like an unreasoned instinct, suggesting where he might find his son.

Quickly he made his way through the stretch of pine-wood towards the cliff heights, with a vague, half-confessed fear at his heart. What if this affair had preyed so much on his poor boy's mind that—

But he put the thought from him. As he emerged from the dark of the trees Sir Lionel saw that his conjecture had been right. In the dim, uncertain light of the obscured moon he saw the figure of his son.

He was about to call to Ailwyn, but something checked the impulse. What was the object of Ailwyn's odd movements? He stood startled and watching.

Two strong stakes had been driven into the ground on the summit of the cliff, to which ropes were to be fastened. The Scotland Yard representatives were coming down to-morrow, and men would descend to make a thorough examination of the scene of the tragedy.

Ailwyn was standing by these stakes, grasping one for safety with his left hand as he peered down over the brink. Something glistened in his right hand, that was outstretched, as though he were gauging a distance before making a throw.

Once he glanced round with a quick furtive air, like one listening intently; Ailwyn did not see his father standing there under the deep shadow of the trees. Apparently reassured that no one saw him, he leaned over the brink of the cliff again, again holding out that something that his hand grasped—something with a bright knob that glistened metallically. A knob of silver on the handle of a stick.

What could Ailwyn be doing? His attitude suggested an anxious desire to drop the stick so that it would fall in a certain place.

Then a suspicion that left the baronet's face white as chalk drove him with a sharp, swift anxiety across the intervening open space to where Ailwyn was. He reached the spot almost before the other man realised that he was not alone.

"Ailwyn! What are you doing?"

The stick would have fallen from his son's unnerved hand, startled as he was at this unexpected cry, only his father, supporting himself by one of the stakes, had leaned forward with amazing swiftness and grasped it.

Ailwyn turned with a white, guilty face, and for a moment of tense, strained silence father and son stood facing each other. Then Ailwyn made a snatch as if to wrest the object from his father's hands, but the older man's quickness baffled the intention.

It was a blackthorn stick that Sir Lionel Trent had seen before. On the silver of the handle were Dennis Garth's initials.

Ailwyn's pallid lips moved, trying to frame some excuse, some lie, in answer to that accusing question. But no sound came. There was a look in his father's face he had never seen there before—horror and shame, and a scorn that left him dumb. His father knew! Ailwyn read that in the white, stern face. His father knew what he had meant to do!

At his feet lay the silver cigarette-case, also bearing the initials on the stick, that he had stolen from the drawer in the Garths' library. Nervously Ailwyn covered it with his foot.

"Surely to God, you—you, my son—a Trent—were not fabricating apparent evidence against the poor lad who lies in prison now for your act," broke out the old baronet hoarsely—"not trying to put the rope round an innocent man's neck! Deny it, deny it—if you can!"

Ailwyn could find no words. What was there to say? What denial could he make that would hold water? Desperately he racked his brain, but no feasible lie came to his aid. And his father knew!

"My God, that I should have begotten a coward!" cried Sir Lionel in tones that Ailwyn had never heard on his lips before. "You pretended that it was for your mother's sake you would not speak, and I believed you. A lie! It was the cowardice of a craven who dared not face the music! You would have fabricated this apparent evidence to fix the guilt more surely on Garth to screen yourself! You would have let him suffer rather than face the consequences of your own act—and you would still have had your glib lie ready: 'For my mother's sake!' Before Heaven, I would rather have seen you in your grave than have known you to be capable of this!"

As the passionate words broke from the stern lips, the phrase he had used to Olive less than half-an-hour ago came back into his mind with a sense of bitter mockery:

"Ailwyn is the soul of honour."

The soul of honour—and he had found Ailwyn guilty of this incredible, unspeakable thing! Ailwyn wanted to make the evidence apparently damning against an innocent man who had been his friend.

"Why do you not deny it, if it is not true? Oh, if you could but deny it! But I find you with the accused man's stick, and your palpable intention was to drop it so that it would catch on that ledge down there on the cliff-side half screened by that clump of gorse—to be found when the detectives made their search—to look as though it had fallen over in the course of a struggle!"

There was an intense horror in his tones. Sir Lionel Trent was a proud man, and he had loved his son dearly. What heavier blow could have been dealt at his pride and his love?

"Good Heavens, I could not have believed it—I could not have believed it of my own son! The lad I was so proud of—the lad I loved!" the old man whispered brokenly, as if to himself. But Ailwyn caught the words, and winced.

Then his passion flamed out again, and he cried:

"Why don't you speak? Have you nothing to say?"

"Father, listen!" The white, twitching lips found utterance at last. "You must not think the worst of me! It was a mad impulse, I admit—a mad temptation that came upon me when I was distraught and hardly answerable for my acts. You don't know how the suspense of this thing has preyed on me—the horrible suspense!" he cried feverishly. "To-night as I came here, brooding over this thing, I stumbled across this stick of Garth's lying in the wood, and the horrible temptation assailed me. I admit, I wasn't myself; I scarcely knew what I was doing—but I shouldn't have dropped the stick; I'm sure I shouldn't! I should have conquered the momentary cowardice even if you had not come up! You must believe that!"

For an instant the baronet did not speak.

O. H. M. S.

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"I will try to believe it," he said at last. The passion had died out of his voice; his tones were almost heart-broken. He would "try to believe" his son's words. But he knew that Ailwyn could never be the same to him again.

"You must believe it, father," stammered Ailwyn. "It's the truth. Just a moment's impulse of madness—you mustn't judge me by that—"

His protests faltered into silence. With a gesture of fierce impatience the baronet half turned and put the stick to his knee, as though he would break this thing that had nearly been the instrument of the most despicable sin that could stain a human soul. And at that instant, as the old man's back was turned, Ailwyn, with a white, doggedly-set face, kicked as if defiantly the little glittering object that his foot was hiding over the edge of the cliff.

The sound of breaking waves drowned the faint clink as it struck the rocks far below—that cigarette-case engraved with Dennis Garth's initials.

Sir Lionel changed his mind. He did not break the stick. He leaned on it heavily as, without another word, he walked away.

Ailwyn paused irresolutely; then he moodily followed his father, a dozen paces behind—to come to an abrupt, startled halt as a figure stepped out from among the trees into the path the moment his father had passed.

The figure of a man, who gave a melodramatic start of affected surprise as he came face to face with Ailwyn Trent.

"Ye gods!" the newcomer exclaimed theatrically. "It is, it must be my old friend, lost to sight, but to memory dear—George Ailwyn!"

The sound of that ill-omened name, no less than the unexpected sight of the rather loudly-dressed, flamboyant person who stood, smiling confidently, with outstretched hand, made Ailwyn Trent fall back with a hoarse, stifled exclamation.

The shock was so sudden, so utterly unlooked-for. He saw the security of his future slipping away from him. This man belonged to those hidden chapters of his life that he had hoped were closed for ever—knew him as the vanished husband of the murdered chorus girl.

With a desperate effort Ailwyn pulled himself together. "Hush! Not that name here!" he whispered, looking anxiously after his father walking on ahead with bent head.

Had his father heard this man's words? Sir Lionel neither paused nor looked round. But had he heard?

"Not that name here—unless you want to ruin me!" Ailwyn Trent repeated, his voice hoarse and strained with its note of desperate anxiety.

How had this man found him out—this man who had known him as George Ailwyn, the husband of the murdered chorus girl? And to what use would he put his discovery? In a moment the remote menace of Ailwyn's past life had leapt into an actual, imminent danger.

"You needn't look so scared; I'm not a policeman!" retorted the other, with a careless laugh.

He was a tall, clean-shaven man of thirty, not bad-looking in a somewhat coarse way, with an air of the footlights unmistakably suggested by something in his face and manner.

"Perhaps it was indiscreet of me to mention that name that the papers are giving such a big free advertisement to just now," went on Mr. Herbert Burgoyne. "It slipped out. Naturally you won't sport that name in this pastoral retreat, eh? But the old boy yonder wouldn't catch what I said—and he glanced after Sir Lionel's receding figure—and there's no one else about to hear a syllable. By the way, who is the old chap? Didn't I hear you call him father?"

Ailwyn shot a furtive, suspicious glance at Burgoyne. "Then you hadn't only just come up when you accosted me—you'd been listening!" he cried, wondering feverishly how much of what had passed between him and his father this man had overheard.

"My dear boy, that sounds like an aspersion!" Mr. Burgoyne's tones were pained. "It is true that I had, as I might say, been waiting at the wings for several moments; my natural courtesy forbade my interrupting your conversation, especially as you appeared to be having a difference with the old gentleman. What was it all about—and what was that you kicked over the cliff just after I came up? To yours truly it looked uncommonly like a silver cigar-case."

Ailwyn looked closely at the speaker. The uneasy feeling possessed him that Burgoyne, in spite of his careless tones, had overheard more—knew more than he professed.

"Cigar-case? Nonsense! What on earth makes you think I should kick over anything of value?" cried Ailwyn, trying to speak lightly. "It was an empty tobacco-tin lying there—I expect it would look like silver in the moonlight. But how did you find out where I lived, and why have you followed me here?"

Burgoyne laughed.

"Really, my dear boy, you credit me with a greater interest in your movements than I can lay claim to! Why, it took my breath away, coming upon you like this. Upon my sacred, I hadn't the ghost of an idea you were within a hundred miles when I left the bar-parlour of the Trent Arms twenty minutes ago—though I admit you were in my mind. You see, I found the landlord a convivial sort; he waxed discursive, and told me all the news of the place, all about this Roden murder case—"

Ailwyn could not control his nervous start.

"But—but what has that to do with your thinking about me?" he broke in quickly.

"Well, the train of thought was not unnatural, seeing that it wasn't quite a week back that I was brought up against another murder—that of your wife," said Mr. Burgoyne coolly; "and rather intimately, too, since I was one of the first to discover the crime. But it wasn't that only. The worthy host happened to mention incidentally, just as I was strolling out to have a look at the scene of the murder, that the Trents were the big people hereabouts—Sir Lionel Trent and his son Ailwyn. Rather an uncommon name—Ailwyn."

He paused; then added swiftly:

"I suppose you aren't Ailwyn Trent, by any chance?" The other realised how futile it would be to try to conceal a fact that Burgoyne would have no difficulty in verifying elsewhere.

"And if I am?" he admitted sullenly, inwardly reviling the evil chance that had brought this man to Crosslea.

"Well, if you are, you must let me congratulate you on your recent marriage," murmured Mr. Burgoyne. "Of course, worthy Bung told me all about it—though naturally the fact didn't interest me half so much then as it does now! Quickest match on record, I should think—you only three days a widower!"

Ailwyn frowned, but he did not speak.

"It would almost look to an outsider," continued Burgoyne blandly, "as though—well, as though you had had a prophetic instinct that your first wife could not live very long."

He was looking hard at Ailwyn, whose face had gone ghastly in the dim light.

"If you are hinting that I killed her—that woman that I was fool enough to marry—you are wrong," cried Ailwyn hoarsely. "I swear I know as little about her death as you!"

He glanced round as he spoke with a nervous apprehensiveness.

"My dear fellow," said Burgoyne smoothly, "I am not accusing you—although you must agree that it would make the case pretty black against you if it once came out that George Ailwyn and the lucky bridegroom Ailwyn Trent are one and the same! No; for my part, I never thought you the guilty man, though I admit this news about your second marriage has somewhat weakened that conviction."

Ailwyn's tortured nerves were rasped beyond endurance.

"In heaven's name, why do you keep harping on this?" he broke out in fierce impatience. "You know how dangerous such talk is. Who is to say who may not be lurking among the shadows, listening? And this place alone is enough to get on one's nerves."

He could almost have fancied that every tree concealed a spy. The whisperings of the wind among the bare branches, the rustlings of the dead leaves, sounded so like stealthy footsteps; and the ceaseless moan of the sea, with its ineffaceable memory bound up with this ill-omened place, quickened all his guilty fears.

"All right; just as you please, though, for my part, I like Mother Nature's show for a change; she really does get some tricky scenic effects now and again. This, for instance, wouldn't disgrace Drury Lane stage—with a patronising wave of his hand through the opening of the trees at the rugged, broken cliff-line and the faint moon-like silver on the waters. "Well, shall we adjourn to your ancestral halls, my dear boy? Though but a poor player, I am as much at home in the mansions of the rich as in the humbler dwellings of the lowly!"

And Mr. Herbert Burgoyne struck an attitude appropriate to his playful travesty of the lofty language peculiar to the *jeune premier* of melodrama—which was his line.

"Though properly the invitation should come from you."

Ailwyn kicked the stump of a tree impatiently with his foot.

"Of course, that's impossible," he said shortly. "It's my father's house, not mine."

"Then there is the alternative of the hospitable bar-parlour of the Trent Arms—called after your family, eh? It is a curious fact, but, incredible as it may seem, no pub has ever been called after me, for all the consistent support I have bestowed on these pillars of my country! But it's an ungrateful world, Ailwyn!"

"Look here," said Ailwyn impatiently, on whom this fooling jarred, "what are you driving at? What is all this leading to?"

Mr. Burgoyne dropped the playful assumption of his professional manner. He laughed.

"You are very transparent, Mr. Ailwyn Trent—but I am not meditating blackmail, as you so flatteringly imagine. My line of business is the virtuous *jeune premier*, not heavy lead. But I am going to ask a favour. You see, there has come a tide in the affairs—more or less stony—of Herbert Burgoyne, when you can be uncommonly useful, dear boy. It was a bit of fat for me meeting you. Yes, a favour."

"What is it?" asked Ailwyn, looking at him doubtfully.

"It's too long to tell in a few words." The actor glanced at his watch. "I am going back to town by the midnight train from Thornsett. Plenty of time yet. Time for us to have something of no importance at the Trent Arms and talk over things comfortably."

"Look here, Burgoyne, you know as well as I do that it would not be safe for me to be seen with you hereabouts," said Ailwyn uneasily. "I have too much at stake. The slightest link connecting me with that tragic affair might prove fatal to me. I can see you in London some time soon."

The actor laughed.

"The date's a bit too vague, my dear Ailwyn. I don't want to use any threats, only if you try to shuffle with me you'll find it about the worst spec you ever struck in all your natural," he said, and for a moment the genial expression faded from his face and his eyes grew steely.

Perhaps the pleasant *bonhomie* was not much more than surface deep. There was a suggestion in Mr. Burgoyne's face now that if he were crossed he could prove himself a very unpleasant person indeed.

"Candidly, Ailwyn, you can be uncommonly useful to me just now; and, as my business is pressing, I don't mean to let the chance slip."

"I'll see you in town to-morrow night," said Ailwyn hastily.

"That's definite?" Burgoyne's eyes were regarding him closely.

"To-morrow night. I won't fail."

"Right-o. I'll expect you then. Only mind you don't fail. And, by the way, I may have something to tell you that will interest you—about the murder affair. I've made an uncommonly queer discovery in connection with your wife's death."

(Another long instalment next week.)

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A peep behind the scenes at Buckingham Palace. In the June number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is published the first set of photographs ever taken of the Queen's private apartments.

The Story of my Life by Ellen Terry:

The most fascinating romance that will be written this year will not be a novel. It will be the autobiography of Miss Ellen Terry, which starts in "M. A. P." on June 6. By the kind permission of the Editor of "M. A. P." I have been permitted to make the following extracts from the first part.

An Awful Task.

WHEN it was suggested to me that I ought to write down my recollections in this year of my jubilee all the difficulties of the undertaking began to frighten me. I could not deny that I had had an eventful life, packed full of incident, and that by the road I had met many distinguished and interesting men and women. I could not deny that I had been fifty years on the stage, and that this meant enough material for fifty books, if only the details of every year could be faithfully told. But it is not given to all of us to see our lives in relief as we look back. Most of us, I think, see them in perspective, of which our birth is the vanishing point. Seeing, too, is only half the battle. How few people can describe what they see!

The First Thing I Remember.

IN the corner of a lean-to, white-washed attic there stood a fine, plain, solid oak bureau. By climbing up on to this bureau I could see from the window the glories of the sunset. My attic was on a hill in some large and busy town, and the smoke of a thousand chimneys hung like a grey veil between me and the fires in the sky.

Putting together what I remember, and such authentic history as there is of my parents' movements, I gather that this attic was in theatrical lodgings in Glasgow. My father was an actor, my mother an actress, and they were at this time on tour in Scotland. Perhaps this is the place to say that father was the son of an Irish builder, and that he eloped in a chaise with mother, who was the daughter of a Scottish minister.

My Bed in the Attic.

I HAVE a very dim recollection of anything that happened in the attic, beyond the fact that when my father and mother went to the theatre every night they used to put me to bed, and that directly their backs were turned and the door locked I used to jump up and go to the window. My "bed" consisted of the mattress pulled off their bed and laid on the floor—on father's side. Both my father and mother were very kind and devoted parents (though severe at times, as all good parents are!), but while mother loved all her children too well to make favourites, I was, I believe, my father's particular pet. I used to sleep all night holding his hand.

My Bed in the Theatre.

I CAN well imagine that the children of some strolling players used to have a hard time of it, but my mother was not one to shirk her duties. She worked hard at her profession, and yet found it possible not to drag up her children to live or die, as it happened, but to bring them up to be healthy, happy, and wise—theatre-wise, at any rate. When her babies were too small to be left at the lodgings (which she and my father took in each town they visited as near to the theatre as possible), she would bundle us up in a shawl and put us to sleep in her dressing-room. So it was that long before I spoke in a theatre I slept in one.

Eleven of Us.

MR mother had eleven children altogether, but only nine survived their infancy, and of these nine my eldest brother, Ben, and my sister, Florence, have since died. My sister Kate, who left the stage at an age when most of the young women of the present day take to it for the first time, and made an enduring reputation in a few brilliant years, was the eldest of the family. Then came a sister, who died, and I was the third. After us came Ben, George, Marion, Charles, Flossie, Tom, and Fred. Six out of the nine have been on the stage, but only Marion, Fred, and I are there still.

Training in Shakespeare.

FROM April, 1856, until 1859, I acted constantly at the Princess's Theatre with the Keans, spending the summer holidays in acting at Ryde. My whole life was the theatre, and naturally all my early memories are connected with it. At breakfast father would begin the day's "coaching." Often I had to lay down my fork and say my lines. He would conduct these extra rehearsals anywhere—in the street, the 'bus—we were never safe! I remember vividly going into a chemist's shop and being stood upon a stool

to say my part to the chemist! Such leisure as I had from my profession was spent in "minding" the younger children—an occupation in which I delighted. They all had very pretty hair, and I used to wash it and comb it out until it looked as fine and bright as floss silk!

I Impersonate a Mustard-pot.

DURING the rehearsals of a pantomime in a Scottish town (Glasgow, I think. Glasgow has always been an eventful place to me!) a child was wanted for the Spirit of the Mustard-pot. What more natural than that my father should offer my services? I had a shock of pale yellow hair, I was small enough to be put into the property mustard-pot, and the Glasgow stage-manager would easily assume that I had inherited talent. My father had acted with Macready in the stock seasons both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and bore a very high reputation with Scottish audiences. But the stage-manager and father alike reckoned without their actress! When they tried to put me into the mustard-pot, I yelled lustily and showed more lung-power than aptitude for the stage. "Put your child into the mustard-pot, Mr. Terry," said the stage-manager.

"D— you and your mustard-pot, sir!" said my mortified father. "I won't frighten my child for you or anyone else!"

But, all the same, he was bitterly disappointed at my first dramatic failure, and when we reached home he put me in the corner to chasten me. "You'll never make an actress!" he said, shaking a reproachful finger at me.

My Father Teaches Me with a Slipper.

MR mother took Kate to London, and I was left with my father in the provinces for two years. I can't recall much about those two years, except sunsets and a great mass of shipping looming up against the sky. The sunsets followed me about everywhere; the shipping was in Liverpool, where father was engaged for a considerable time. He never ceased teaching me to be useful, alert, and quick. Sometimes he hastened my perceptive powers with a slipper, and always he corrected me if I pronounced any word in a slipshod fashion. He himself was a beautiful elocutionist, and if I now speak my language well, it is in no small degree due to my early training.

The Formidable Mrs. Kean.

DURING the rehearsals Mr. Kean used to sit in the stalls with a loud-voiced dinner-bell by his side, and when anything went wrong on the stage, he would ring it ferociously, and everything would come to a stop, until Mrs. Kean, who always sat on the stage, had set right what was wrong. She was more formidable than beautiful to look at, but her wonderful fire and genius were none the less impressive, because she wore a white handkerchief round her head and had a very beaky nose! How I admired, and loved, and feared her! Later on the fear was replaced by gratitude, for no woman ever gave herself more trouble to train a young actress than did Mrs. Kean.

ECONOMY RUN RIOT.

THE typewriter has invaded Mr. Mullins's office. He bought it cheap, and as it seemed easy to work, he determined that an operator was useless extravagance. It had not been in his place an hour before he had produced the following brilliant note to his wife:

"DeAr neLlie: : : ? I shal not Beaxxxxx! hOme this evnenneng untill untill vrey verryxxxx late do not, whot fr for me a OLl@n t w ho HaS Aolient wht whotM I hae a apolitenenT t is cmonig to enocult conSutl me, and it will take al all al aquenxxxx evening youR dvoning husxxxx hu sbnd :—j: @willim P!!! :—"

And when Mrs. Mullins, in attempting to probe the mystery, found that her husband's OLl@nt resided at a billiard-room, and played an excellent hand at bridge, Mullins decided that perhaps the cheapest way, after all, would be to employ a typist.

£20 For a Story.

Any Length up to 8,000 Words.

HERE is an excellent opportunity for story writers. We have decided to offer a prize of £20 to the author who sends us before the closing date what we consider to be the best story, not exceeding 8,000 words in length. All manuscripts must be typewritten. Each competitor may send us as many attempts as he or she likes.

The Editor has the right to use any of the stories, for which payment will be made.

All manuscripts considered unsuitable for publication will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. But the Editor will not take responsibility for loss of or damage to manuscripts.

The closing date is Monday, July 1st, 1907.

Envelopes should be addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should be marked with the words "Twenty Pound Story" in the top left-hand corner.

THE KING HONOURS THE FRESH AIR FUND.

SIR JOHN KIRK was last week knighted by the King in recognition of his efforts on behalf of a movement which for nearly half a century has been flooding with sunshine the dark corners of slumland, a work to which he has dedicated forty years of strenuous effort and affectionate solicitude.

It was Mr. Kirk's first introduction to the privacy of Royalty, and he had expected much formality. The King, however, was not formal. With his innate courtesy and tact in a moment he had placed his visitor at ease, and at once he proceeded to talk about the work—the redemption of slumland and the apotheosis of the cripple.

Then there came a pause, and the King pressed a bell.

"I suppose you know that I wish to signalise your forty years of work," said the King, "by Knighthood?"

Mr. Kirk was astonished.

An attendant brought in a sword, Mr. Kirk knelt on one knee, and the King touched him lightly on both shoulders with the flat of the blade.

Sir John Kirk then left the Palace in company with the Marquess of Northampton.

The readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will be unanimous in congratulating Sir John Kirk upon the honour which the King has conferred upon him. His Majesty has before shown his readiness in detecting the merits of those who unostentatiously devote their lives to the betterment of the poorest of his subjects.

In showing his appreciation of the work of "The Children's Friend," the King has once more displayed the great interest which he takes in the welfare of those who are least happily placed amongst us.

The Fresh Air Fund, in which our readers have shown so lively an interest, owes much to Sir John Kirk's invaluable assistance, and nowhere will his elevation in rank be welcomed with keener delight than in the slums where he is so well-known and so beloved a figure.

WHAT SOME WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE THINK OF THE F.A.F.

Nobody who has studied the subscription lists of the Fresh Air Fund will be surprised to learn that this work of taking poor slum children into the country for a day's pleasure commands the sympathy and support of a large number of people across the seas. In the wide open spaces of the Empire, indeed, the idea of weak, helpless children being imprisoned in close, dark alleys and rookeries without a single respite for the term of their natural lives strikes men and women as peculiarly repulsive; and with subscriptions from many odd and unexpected corners of Great Britain come a number of letters praising the Fresh Air Fund's efforts to bring a little brightness and sunshine into the lives of the Mother country's most neglected and forgotten mites.

SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR, the Lord Mayor of London, has written to the Founder of the Fresh Air Fund as follows:

Your excellent idea of giving poor little children a day in the country appeals to every one.

I am certain that you will be more successful than ever this year. Your generous efforts to give fresh air and sunshine to these children of London, who so sadly need it, is something you may be proud of, and all who help you must feel glad you give them an opportunity of doing such good work.

MRS ALFRED DEAKIN, the wife of the Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, takes a keen interest in the Fund's progress, and the other day, in forwarding a donation of two guineas to the Founder of the Fresh Air Fund, she wrote as follows:

I have read about the Fresh Air Fund with much interest and every wish for its extension.

In Australia outdoor life is much more general, but, notwithstanding this, the many and great advantages to be derived by town children from excursions into the country are becoming recognised. I can say from my own observation that there is nothing that the children themselves enjoy more, or has a better effect upon them. They revel in these outings, which are specially successful with us when they can be held on the seashore.

The excellent example you are setting by your Fresh Air Fund will, I hope, be followed widely wherever there are city children whose lives can be brightened. Wishing it every success, and inclosing my mite.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT BOND, Premier of Newfoundland, in sending a contribution of £5 to the Fresh Air Fund, also writes:

A scheme designed to bring brightness and genuine happiness into the lives of those little ones who experience few of the joys but many of the sorrows of life is certain of Divine favour, and its merits not only the sympathy, but the support, of all who are able to contribute towards its success.

Powerful Serial Story.

The Fatal Ace.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Dick Rushden, heir to the title and estates of Westingham, and engaged to be married to Mollie Brabant. Just as he comes into his title he goes on a balloon voyage with Mollie and his cousin Guy Squirrel, but he never returns from his voyage.

Guy Squirrel also loves Mollie, and determines to win her by fair means or foul. During the balloon trip they are blown out to the Atlantic, and the balloon is gradually sinking. Mollie faints. By a cunning artifice Guy gets Dick on to the side of the balloon, then sends him hurtling to his death. By threats, he extracts a promise from Mollie to marry him. This promise she fulfils, although hating her husband, and he has now come into the title of Earl of Westingham.

Mollie Brabant still loves Dick Rushden. Guy had told her that Dick jumped out of the balloon to save her life. Mollie wonders if he is really dead.

Sinclair Vansittart is a mysterious person, apparently possessed of money. Whilst yachting in the Atlantic he picks up Rushden after the ballooning episode. A certain business transaction takes place, however, and Dick finds himself, much against his will, bound for Valparaiso on board a dirty tramp steamer.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

The Price of a Life.

VANSITTART continued speaking: "Of course, I didn't give a hint to a single soul of the secret I found myself in possession of. No one knows what I have told you—I don't even suppose that the Earl of Westingham knows!"

That blow struck home, sobered him slightly from the intoxication of fear he wallowed in. "What do you mean, what are you saying? I—I am the Earl of Westingham!"

Vansittart spread out his hands with an expressive gesture that was neither assent nor dissent.

"Unfortunately for you, the real Earl of Westingham is—well, I don't see any reason I should tell you just where he is; I'm not certain myself. But I can assure you when last I saw him he was alive and kicking. I sent him on a little voyage for his health!"

Guy staggered forward. "You mean to say you saved Dick Rushden's life, you saved his life—he is alive now!"

My God, you don't know what you're saying!"

Vansittart stepped forward and seized him roughly by the arm. "Hush," he whispered; "lower your voice. I tell you no one in the world knows, save you and I. The voyage I sent him on was one from which he will not return—unless I send for him—d'you understand? And if I don't send for him he'll disappear, and no one will be any the wiser!"

Westingham hesitated a moment, then he threw back his head defiantly. "Perhaps my first suspicion was right," he said cunningly—"I thought you were either a beggar or a blackmailer. I don't believe a word you've said! And who would believe you, when everyone believes that the man you say is living is dead and buried here? What proof have you that he is alive, that you ever even saw him?"

"Sit down!" Vansittart pushed Westingham into a chair. Then his hand dived into his pocket, and he pulled out the famous necklace.

"There's my proof! And, moreover, a word from me would bring Lord Westingham post haste to England and West House!"

Guy rose from his chair and lurched forward. "You will never send that word!" he whispered hoarsely. "You will never send that word!"

Sinclair Vansittart began to feel almost amused.

The cynical smile still played about his lips, and he regarded Guy's nervous terror with frank contempt.

At first he could not quite understand Westingham's horror and fear; but the passionate prayer, uncommonly like a threat, that the real Earl of Westingham should not be persuaded to return did not puzzle him for long. For he recalled the bleeding, bruised, and broken hands of the man he had dragged out of death's grip from the ocean; the cut on his forehead and his torn and blood-stained clothes.

Was it attempted murder?

The smile left his face, and he looked steadily at the man trembling before him. It seemed pretty evident that the poor beggar he had picked up out of the sea and hastily condemned as an ordinary though foolish thief was, instead of being the sinner, much sinned against!

Love, faith, luck, call it what you will, is an extraordinary thing. It was as if there had been a conspiracy of the unseen powers that rule men's destinies to rob Dick Rushden of his life. For, first, man had attempted it; then nature had stepped in to complete the work; and, lastly, one of his fellow-creatures had rescued him only to condemn him to another and more lingering death.

Vansittart remembered the copies of the two cables he had left with Talma, and he glanced instinctively at his watch; long past midnight, so nothing could be done till daylight. Guy was staring at him through the smoke which now hung heavily in the room, and Vansittart wondered what thoughts and schemes were flitting through his brain.

"I am going to light another cigar," he said easily, taking his case from his pocket. "Won't you try one of mine?"

As he spoke each man drew closer the other, and their eyes met. Question and answer flashed from the steel-grey eyes and the pallid blue.

Guy took a cigar, Vansittart helped himself, then struck a match and handed it to the other; after lighting his

own cigar, Guy returned the waxen flame. And never once did the eyes of either man flinch or change. Each read the other's secret.

Then the man who said he was the Earl of Westingham sighed, and, taking out his handkerchief, mopped his brow. "That's a very wonderful cigar-case of yours," he stammered.

Vansittart fingered it thoughtfully. "A little souvenir from a certain gentleman to whom I made myself useful."

Another short period of silence. Guy grew calmer—a calm wherein there were desperation and despair.

For in that steady glance over the lighting of the cigar each man had seen the heart of the other. Vansittart had seen that Guy was a murderer—if an unsuccessful one; and Guy saw that Vansittart had discovered his secret. It was only a matter of seconds, but truth escaped and winged its way across the room.

"What did Dick Rushden tell you when you saved his life?"

Vansittart raised his eyebrows. "Dick Rushden? Oh, yes, I remember; that was the name marked on his linen. Well, he told me that he was the Earl of Westingham. He was evidently anxious to shield you; you will admit that was rather nice of him."

Guy groaned. Vansittart hesitated a moment; a happy inspiration came to his aid, suggested by the tears he had seen in the pseudo Lady Westingham's eyes in the park.

"He was careful not to mention names," he continued; "but I suppose the real issue at stake between you was not only the money and the title?"

"There was nothing really between us," Guy stammered, laying down his cigar. "We were friends—old friends."

Vansittart coughed apologetically.

"The day the accident happened he had just returned from London. Mollie and I were ballooning—he had left us together—"

"She—your wife, was really in love with him—they were engaged, I understand!" Vansittart interrupted. "Yes, I quite understand! Lady Westingham unconsciously told me the tragedy of her life before you arrived in the park this evening!"

"You didn't tell her that Rushden was alive—you didn't hint at such a thing? If you did—" Guy spoke spasmodically, keeping his head lowered and his eyes fixed on Vansittart; his face was deadly white, his eyes bloodshot.

"Well—you interrupted us at the critical moment—just as I was on the point of telling her. As it is, she only knows, or guesses, that I knew the man she loved, and that I bring some message from him—a message from the dead she thinks at present."

"She must never know!" Guy rose, and stood over Vansittart almost threateningly. "Do you hear? She must never know!"

"No; it would be awkward for you if I did tell her, wouldn't it?" Vansittart said easily. "And yet, looking at it from her point of view—and his—it's a confounded shame to leave her in the dark! There's still time!"

"Time! What d'you mean?"

Guy spoke like a drunken man. The sweat poured from his face; his fingers twitched nervously and spasmodically as if they would fasten around Vansittart's throat and choke the life out of him.

"Well, she's your wife only in name at present! If she knew the truth, she'd never be yours. She could get the marriage annulled, or obtain a divorce easily enough! And, as I said, there is still time for me to wire and tell the fellow, who is showing the real Earl of Westingham round this world, ere he sees him off on a voyage to the next, to send him home here!"

For an instant it looked as if Guy Squirrel would seize Vansittart in those trembling hands and attempt to silence him—for ever!

But the sea pirate, though he lay back so easily in his chair and spoke so lightly, was on his guard. One hand rested lightly in the pocket of his coat, where a six-shooter lay handy.

With an effort Guy regained self-control. He nodded his head and backed away from Vansittart. Going to the sideboard, he poured himself out a stiff brandy-and-soda.

"Now, then," he whispered thickly—"name your terms! You want money—"

"That's a brutal and vulgar way of putting it! And I'm not sure that I do! I'd like time to consider the matter. D'you know, I feel quite sorry for poor old Rushden—I beg his pardon—Westingham! Such a nice, simple fellow. And your wife—she's very beautiful, and I have a soft heart for a pretty woman. It's easy to see she's not in love with you—and she's not happy, either! Now, why should I sacrifice these two people just to please you?"

Squirrel's teeth snapped together viciously; his face, no longer white, became livid. He looked more bestial than human, as fear and rage consumed him.

"Stop this fooling!" he hissed. "Tell me your price! And, remember—I shall want proof of—of Rushden's death; and I shall want your signature to a document I shall draw up—incriminating yourself as well as me. . . . I pay once, that's all; I'm not going to be bled over and over again."

Vansittart nodded. "Uneasy is the head that shares a secret! All right, you needn't be afraid of me. I've a name and a position to maintain, too; I'm taking no risks. If we come to terms, I shall put in a week or two in London and Paris, and then start out in my yacht again; build or buy a new one, something really worthy of me—four thousand tonner, seventeen knots an hour!"

(Continued on next page.)

"Electricity—The Road to Health."

Such is the Title of a Book Just Published.

This interesting book, which is sent free to anyone asking for it, points out the road to happiness, health. It is a volume of eighty pages, which is brimful of the things the true lover of health likes to read. It will give them courage and enlighten them as to the cause and cure of their troubles.

It is composed of six chapters. Part I. deals with the relation of health to happiness; gives a description of the famous "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Batteries; tells of what electricity is doing in the cure of disease, and concludes with a list of diseases which yield to this wonderful, irresistible force.

Part II. treats of Nervous Troubles. An interesting discussion of the nervous system is given. Then follow the various Nervous Complaints: Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance). It tells how each and every one of these complaints can be cured.

Part III. This chapter is devoted to the various forms of Rheumatic Troubles. It gives the experiments and opinions of many celebrated physicians in their untiring efforts to find a cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Backache, and explains how a cure can be had for each that is certain and lasting.

Part IV. The Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys are here dealt with. Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhoea, and Dysentery are described in detail. The opinions of such well-known medical men as Drs. Rockwell, Erb, de Wetteville, Turner, Seidel, and others are given. A means of permanent cure which has proved successful in hundreds of cases is also explained.

Part V. Various complaints, such as those of the Bladder, Deafness, Asthma, Cramps, Eczema, Chilblain, Headache, and Catarrh, are described. Detailed experiments are given as to the peculiar and astonishing effect that electricity has on these troubles.

Part VI. In this chapter complaints peculiar to women are treated. Female complaints, Anemia, and Hysteria, are exhaustively described. A host of eminent doctors' opinions are quoted.

Every man or woman who is in any way ailing, who is weak or debilitated, etc., should not be without this book. A post-card or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 25), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once. All advice is free, and a free test to all who call.—[ADVT.]

What About Your Boots?

It is really an astounding fact how little attention the average Englishman, and for that matter, Englishwoman too, pays to the important question of footwear. One often sees a gentleman whose dress is in every other respect irreproachable, wearing boots that have long since lost their elegance, and would doubtless, if submitted to a closer inspection, show such signs of wear as to cause one to wonder how it is that a man otherwise so faultlessly attired could come to wear boots that were really a positive danger to health. Where footwear is concerned, the Englishman might very well take a leaf out of the book of his Continental neighbour or American cousin.

A new preparation has just recently been put upon the market which to a large extent solves the difficulty and will certainly appeal to those of an economical turn of mind. The preparation is a solution called "Coruxin," which, when applied to the sole and welt of the boot, not only renders it absolutely waterproof but preserves the leather and thus lengthens the life of the boot. In a word, "Coruxin" is a preservative. The dead skin from which leather is manufactured loses something of its quality in the process of tanning and dressing. "Coruxin" is a solution which scientifically imparts to the leather all the qualities of a live skin. It increases its pliability and renews the resisting power of the fibre. The solution, by means of a small brush, can be applied to either gent's, ladies', or children's boots. It is put up in bottles which can be had post free for 1s. 3d., enough for six pairs of boots, and a larger size, 2s. 4d., post free, sufficient to treat fifteen pairs of boots, by the "Coruxin" L. P. Co., 125 High Holborn, London, W.O.—[ADVT.]

The most beautiful woman in America—photographs, anecdotes, and the life-history of the most advertised woman on earth, appear in the June number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

"Come to the point," Guy interrupted savagely. "How much do you want?"

Vansittart stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Well, how much do you think one could buy a really fine steam yacht for, and keep her going all the year round? Twenty—forty thousand pounds?"

Squirrel moved uncomfortably. "Don't let's waste time; the hour is late, and—it's time that I—"

Vansittart nodded sympathetically. "Yes, quite so! Well, say fifty thousand pounds—that's letting you down lightly."

Squirrel didn't reply at once. He walked across the room, opened the door, and looked through the great gloomy hall. Then he rang the bell and told the butler that the household might retire for the night; he himself would see the dining-room windows were closed and the lights turned out.

"Five thousand pounds is the limit I'll give you to hold your tongue," he said to Vansittart as soon as they were alone again—"another five thousand when I've definite proof that Dick Rushden is really dead. Not a farthing more!"

Vansittart rose, sighed, and shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sorry," he said politely. "I've been wasting your time as well as my own. Good-night."

Squirrel planted himself before the door. "You're not going until you've made terms," he hissed—"until you've sworn to silence and signed a paper confessing—"

Vansittart picked up his hat and stick. "You're right—I've no intention of going until I've come to terms; but since we can't agree, I'm going to see what your wife will offer me for proof of Dick Rushden's life! More than the paltry ten thousand you promise for proof of his death, I'll warrant!"

"You won't dare," Squirrel cried between his teeth. "Besides—she hasn't five pounds to offer you; she has nothing of her own—nothing! I'm not to be frightened by bluff."

"Nor I! When you are arrested for attempted murder and your wife is free, she will marry the real Earl of Westingham, and then I think she will be able to meet any little obligation she may enter into with me at the present moment. Kindly let me pass!"

"One moment!" Squirrel was breathing heavily; the veins stood out like knots on his forehead; his face was drawn, distorted.

"If—if I agree to your terms—will you promise to—keep the appointment I overheard you make with my wife to-morrow morning—give her that necklace—tell her—any story you like, only let it convince her that Rushden is really dead—I know she is suspicious—you said too much—tell her you saw his body when the fisherman found it—you'll do this, you'll set her mind absolutely at rest?"

Vansittart nodded. "If we come to terms—yes!"

Squirrel heaved a deep sigh; he kept his position before the door.

"More than that," he whispered, an expression of diabolical cunning creeping over his face—"you can invent a good story about that necklace, kill any feelings she still cherishes for Rushden, and leave her heart empty and free—for me! . . . Tell her—he gave it to some woman in London—someone he was in love with just about the time he met her. Say he gave it to this woman as a bribe to keep her quiet so she wouldn't make a fuss when the news of his engagement became public."

"Yes; I see what you're driving at," Vansittart said grimly.

"You can explain that the woman, a poor light creature, didn't know what to do with such a costly bauble; she was afraid to wear it, afraid to sell it, so she gave it to you to return to the Westingham family in the hope of being rewarded."

Vansittart smiled—and put down his hat and stick.

"That'll cost another ten thousand," he said slowly. "Shall we say sixty thousand pounds—a cheque for half now and the balance later on—when—when our friend has started for the next world?"

Squirrel walked to the bureau, and, taking a cheque from his book, sat down.

"I'll give you half that amount! A cheque now!"

Vansittart shook his head. "Please understand I never haggle! It's sixty thousand, or nothing—until I've seen what your wife will offer!"

Squirrel hid his face for a moment. Then he rose from his seat and reeled across the room.

"You must give me time—to consider," he stammered.

"You don't know—what you're demanding; it's nearly my whole income for two years; you'll beggar me, ruin me!"

"Where are you going?" Vansittart demanded sharply, as Squirrel opened the door.

"Upstairs—to see if—she, Mollie, is all right. I thought I heard her once; she'll be wondering what's happened to me . . . and I must see her before I settle with you . . . for it may be too late; you may already have told her too much!"

Vansittart laughed softly, and his face cleared.

"Don't keep me long, that's all. You'll find her suspicious perhaps, but she knows nothing—yet! If you return within ten minutes and give me a cheque on account for thirty thousand, she shall know Rushden is dead, and that whilst living he was faithless to her! If you don't return in ten minutes—then I must take my departure through those windows, and she'll know to-morrow morning when I keep my appointment with her that he is still living!"

"I shall return," Squirrel whispered as he closed the door—"in ten minutes."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

Blood Money.

GUY SQUIRL walked unsteadily up the long flight of stairs, and crept gently along the corridor until he came to his wife's bedroom.

Before knocking or entering, he stood outside, and listened!

Silence greeted him. A short time ago he could have sworn to hearing her footsteps echoing faintly in the room

below; once or twice her voice, as if she struggled to suppress the sound of sobbing. But now he could hear no sound—not a footfall, nor a sigh, nor a breath even.

He glanced at his watch: midnight—time had flown quickly, and probably she slept.

With his hand on the door-handle, he hesitated; it might be wiser not to awaken her! She was tired and distraught, hysterical; if he left her in peace until the morning she might feel grateful to him and turn to him gladly, accepting his love and protection when Vansittart had hurled her idol to the ground and completely shattered the ideal of Dick Rushden Mollie had cherished so faithfully in her heart!

Something approaching a smile broke the thin, hard line of Squirrel's lips. That had been a good idea of his—and Vansittart's! It was worth the extra ten thousand; it might be worth the whole of the vast sum he was forced to pay to the brilliant and remorseless blackmailer waiting below!

The smile quickly departed from Squirrel's face as he realised his impotence. The sum he was asked to pay was terrible—but so, too, would be the result of the payment! The less he thought about it the better, for it was not just hush-money—it was blood-money!

He was buying a life with it—or, rather, buying death for his friend.

The man he had failed to murder himself!

Squirrel released the handle of the door without attempting to turn it. Fear had him again in the grip of her icy fingers, and he dared not look at the woman he loved and desired so passionately until he had completed the bargain and sale with Vansittart and thrown aside the fear that now clung to him.

As he entered the dining-room Vansittart was in the act of sealing a letter he had just written at the bureau.

"I hope you don't object to my scribbling a note whilst I waited!" he said politely. "I suppose if I post it on my way to the hotel it will reach London to-morrow morning almost as soon as a wire?"

Squirrel nodded. "And now, Mr. Vansittart, to business."

"Good!" Vansittart smiled confidently. "Of course, if you like to give me a cheque for the whole amount now, you will be saved the annoyance of seeing me again. After seeing your wife—in the morning, and disillusioning her as to her hero, I shall shake the dust of England off my feet, buy my new yacht—and disappear!"

He slipped the letter he had written into his breast pocket. "The posting of this note is Rushden's death warrant."

Squirrel took the seat Vansittart had vacated, and drew pen and paper towards him.

"By the way," he said slowly, as he commenced to write, "I wonder how my wife will take the news of Rushden's infidelity? She may refuse to believe you; perhaps it would be as well to merely hint—for if she discovered you were lying to her, God knows what she might not do!"

"Leave that to me," Vansittart replied confidently. "I know how to manage women. Have you the cheque ready? I'm in a hurry to be off."

"One moment," Squirrel replied. "Before I give you the cheque you must sign this paper, and then tell me where Rushden is at the present moment, and in whose keeping. I'm risking nothing, Mr. Vansittart, now, leaving nothing to chance! He escaped me once—he mustn't do so again!"

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

What's Happened to Mollie?

A LONG time passed before the business with Sinclair Vansittart was finally settled and Guy—Earl of Westingham—found himself alone in the ancestral dining-room.

Earl of Westingham! For a few brief hours he had been in danger of losing the right to that proud title, the right to the great mansion and the riches it contained, the sweeping park-land, and the vast estates. The right, too, to the wife sleeping quietly in the room above, unconscious of the night's work!

Guy, Earl of Westingham!

No one could rob him of his name now, nor wealth, nor love! They were all his—

But at what a price!

Guy shivered, and covered his face with his hands. He stood still in the centre of the room as if listening, or waiting perhaps for Vansittart's return.

He knew he would not return—though the mere thought made him start and shudder convulsively!

Vansittart had gone at last, and with his going he had sent a man to his doom!

He extinguished the lights, and crept quietly out of the room through the hall, upstairs, making no sound, noiselessly turning the electric switches as he passed.

Outside Mollie's door he hesitated and listened; he could hear nothing. He passed on to his dressing-room, and, quickly undressing, extinguished the light and crept into bed.

At eight o'clock the servants would find their master fast asleep, and when they awoke him he would slowly dress and then send a loving message to his wife, hoping that she had quite recovered from her indisposition of the previous evening!

Mollie's fear and distrust of him had served him well; she might even feel kindly towards him for his tact and consideration—unless the price he had paid had been in vain, and her woman's instinct, backed by love, told her the truth and discovered his crime! But if she grew suspicious, how could she accuse her own husband?

Vansittart would never speak. There was no fear of his betraying him now—none whatever!

If she did suspect, Guy thought he knew a way of stopping her mouth. A horrible way; brutal even to contemplate, but effective! He closed his eyes and pulled the bedclothes right over his face; but he heard each hour strike.

He heard the birds awake in the garden and sing their morning psalm; he heard the outdoor servants whistling at their work, the cheerful hum of the mowing-machine, the clatter of bells, and the rattle of horses'

hoofs. And at last a knock at his door and the entrance of his servant.

"What on earth's the time?" Guy asked sleepily.

"Eight o'clock, my lord."

Daylight flooded the room, and the Earl of Westingham thanked God there was no more darkness, or not for twelve hours at least. He bathed and dressed leisurely, and then, going straight downstairs, passed through the hall and strolled along the terrace to the stables. Not until the hands of the tower clock pointed to half-past nine did he return to the house and enter the breakfast-room.

He wanted to give Mollie plenty of time to keep the appointment with Vansittart and return. But she was not in the breakfast-room.

Quarter to ten chimed, and he began to grow anxious. Of course, the probabilities were that she had returned, and, not anxious to face a *l'été-à-l'été* with her husband, was nursing her disappointment in her room. At last Guy rang the bell and sent a servant to tell her breakfast was waiting.

It seemed a long time before the man returned, and when he did he looked somewhat scared.

"When the maid entered her ladyship's room this morning, her ladyship wasn't there," he stammered, in answer to his master's curt inquiry. "She waited for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, thinking she would return; then she noticed that her ladyship had evidently already made her toilet and—gone out."

Guy rose, and stared out of the windows again across the park. The lake was glittering in the sunshine. Turning on his heel, he left the room without a word and went straight upstairs. The maid was standing in the corridor just outside Mollie's bedroom door. Guy asked her at what time she had left her mistress the previous evening.

"It must have been between ten and half-past," the girl stammered. "As soon as I had taken off her ladyship's dress and jewels she dismissed me. I noticed she didn't look very well, and she said she was tired."

"And you have no idea what time she rose this morning?"

"The room was empty when I entered at eight o'clock, my lord."

Guy nodded. He asked no more questions. He knew the reason of Mollie's disappearance, but he couldn't understand why she had not returned. It was already ten o'clock—supposing she left at seven-thirty for her appointment, she ought to have returned by nine o'clock.

Unless she were still waiting! Unless he—Vansittart—

But that thought was unbearable. He dismissed it with a shudder, and hurried back to the morning-room and ordered the butler to serve breakfast.

It was important that the servants should have no suspicion that anything was wrong; he must pretend to take his wife's absence as a matter of course!

A matter of course! And on the first day of their wedded life!

The food almost choked him, but he forced himself to make a hearty meal, for the servants were watching him; Blobs's disapproving eyes seemed to follow every mouthful he swallowed! And whenever he raised his head he looked instinctively through the open windows away across the gardens, and saw the shining waters of the lake glaring at him with a million sparkling evil eyes.

After breakfast there were numerous people to interview—the steward, agents, bailiff, and servants. All had congratulations to offer him, and inquiries for Lady Westingham's health.

Guy hardly knew how he got through the early morning. His thoughts were far away from the business he discussed; he signed documents without understanding them, and was ready to agree to any suggestions his agents offered, thus achieving unexpected popularity for the moment.

Directly he was free he inquired of the lady's-maid if his wife had returned. She had not. And now fear would no longer be denied, but once again took possession of Guy's heart.

What had happened to Mollie? Where had she gone, and what had she done? Had she by some terrible mischance discovered the secret Vansittart possessed?

The thought was torture, and Guy set out across the park to search and make sure Mollie did not still linger there, perhaps afraid or unwilling to return to him!

He followed the direction she had taken the previous evening, keeping to the left of the path that passed the lake and led into the lane beyond. She was nowhere to be seen. Thoroughly alarmed he returned to the house, skirting the lake and peering fearfully and hastily across the glassy surface, as if afraid what he might find there!

Ordering the motor round, he told the chauffeur to drive with all speed to the village. Though fear thrilled him, Guy still possessed some cunning, and he saw how both danger and salvation might come to him through his wife's disappearance. He determined to take a bold step—one that might set the gossips talking, but which would place him safely in a position of perfect security, morally and socially.

The price he had paid for freedom the previous evening should not, he swore, be paid in vain!

(Another long instalment next week.)

HI! HI! PRINTERS' PIE!

FOR the fifth time PRINTERS' PIE makes its bow to an expectant public. Founded five years ago by Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode to help the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, its sale has, thanks to the excellency of the fare provided, increased by leaps and bounds.

PRINTERS' PIE contains contributions by the best people in art and literature, an extraordinary number of well-known authors and artists being represented in its pages.

Everyone who invests a shilling in PRINTERS' PIE not only obtains the best shillingsworth of the year, but helps to swell the funds of a deserving and ably managed institution.

1536 yards of rubber thread go to the making of the modern golf-ball. Other extraordinary figures that will interest golfers appear in the June number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Pearson's Weekly Currant Cookery Competition

A Novel and Interesting Competition for Home-loving Women. No Entrance Fee or Expense.

It is not often that competitions appeal strongly to the kindly mother or stay-at-home daughter who has made a hobby of domestic management. But in the interests of the home-loving woman we now announce a quite new and extremely interesting competition which, by its very nature, appeals exclusively to the wife, daughter, or serving-maid whose pleasure or duty it is to cater for the family.

Two or more members of the same family can enter, and as nothing counts for a prize except *skill in cookery*, the enterprising maidservant has, in this contest, every bit as good a chance of a first prize as her mistress or the daughter of the house.

What you have to do.—The Rules of the Competition are most simple. In the first place you fill up the Coupon at the bottom of this announcement and send it to **CURRENT COOKERY COMPETITION (Pearson's Weekly)**, 13, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON. You will then receive, free of cost, a most useful little book of Currant Cookery Recipes, together with the fullest details of the Competition.

As is fully explained in these "Rules," the contest is to be a test of real, practical cookery. As soon as possible after entering for the Contest, you should set to work preparing the making of dainty dishes containing a generous proportion of dried currants, and your final attempt should be sent up for judgment at an appointed time. Breads, pastries, cakes, buns, scones—all are eligible, and the Competitor may produce her currant dainties from one or more of the recipes in the little Cookery Recipe book referred to above, or may resort to a famous home recipe or think out some dish for this special occasion, just as she pleases.

One rule, however, is absolute. Only dishes which contain a good quantity of Currants are eligible for this competition. The prizes are as follows:—

First Prize £7 10 0

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Third Prize £1 10 0

Fifty Special Prizes

of C. Herman Senn's famous **Cookery Manual**, 2/6 edition (Illustrated).

Thousands of Beautifully Engraved Certificates for all Competitors whose efforts are commended.

MR. C. HERMAN SENN, G.O.A., the well-known cookery expert of the National School of Cookery, and Hon. Director of the Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition, will judge the cooked dishes and award the prizes, and his decision will be final.

To Help the Poor and Needy. On completion of the judging all the articles sent in for competition will be distributed free among institutions providing for the poor. As success depends to a great extent upon preliminary practice, I strongly advise you to start right away with your experimental cooking, so that when the right day comes you may find yourself ready for the friendly contest. The Competition will close on June 24th, 1907, and the awards will be made during June.

This is the form to be filled up and sent in to Currant Cookery Competition (Pearson's Weekly), 13, New Bridge Street, London. Please send free of cost to:

Full name—Mrs. or Miss

Full Postal Address

A Copy of the Currant Recipe Book and full particulars of *Pearson's Weekly Currant Cookery Competition*.

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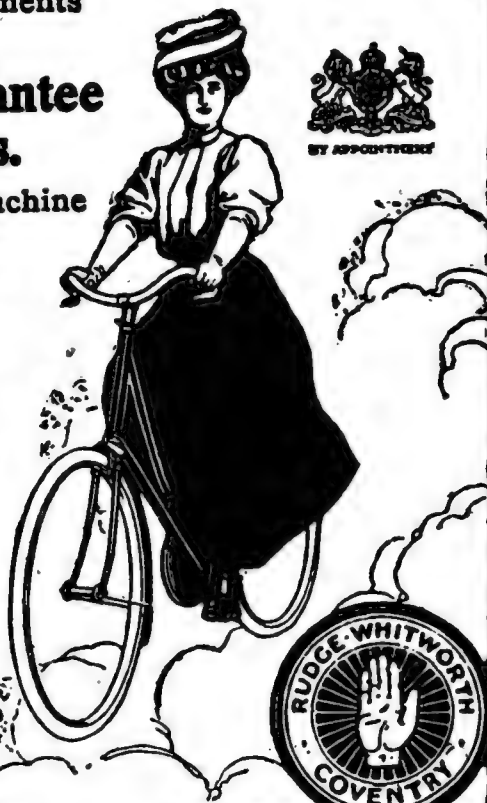
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THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Nettle Beer.

Boil one gallon of the sprouts of nettles in about two gallons of water; strain the liquor, and add half a pound of sugar with a teaspoonful of ginger; when nearly cold ferment with yeast, and bottle it securely while in a state of effervescence. This beverage will be ready to drink in a few days.

Invalid Soup.

Into half a pint of fast boiling, clear gravy soup, or strong beef tea, drop lightly one dessertspoonful of vermicelli; simmer gently until cooked. Pour into a hot soup plate, and have ready a poached egg, neatly trimmed; slip into soup carefully, so as to avoid breaking. Serve at once.

Mayonnaise.

Put the yolk of a raw egg into a basin with pepper, salt and several drops of vinegar. Mix these well together, stirring one way with a wooden spoon. Gradually add four table-spoonful of salad oil, stirring all the time; when the sauce is very thick reduce it to the right consistency gradually with vinegar, season with pepper, salt and made mustard and keep in a cool place. (Reply to MELICIA.)

Currant Cooking.

The attention of those of our readers who take a delight in cookery for its own sake is directed to the announcement of the Currant Cookery Competition appearing on page 857. It will be seen that the prizes awarded are pretty considerable, and the fortunate winners will find that any one of them is worth trying for; in addition to which, everyone has an equal chance.

Poor Knights.

Take slices of stale bread half an inch thick, and cut each into finger-shaped pieces. Soak the pieces of bread in milk, long enough to soften, but do not break them. Drain the pieces through a sieve, dredge with flour, and fry in boiling dripping until nicely browned on both sides. Place these on kitchen paper to drain, and serve with jam put between every two slices, and white sugar sifted over.

Cowslip Wine.

To make nine gallons of wine boil nine gallons of water with twenty-five pounds of loaf preserving sugar, and set it to work for thirty-six hours. Then put into a tub the juice and peel of nine Seville oranges and nine gallons of cowslip flowers or pips; over these pour the sugar and water, and leave them to stand for a week, stirring daily. Afterwards strain, add a quart of brandy, put the wine into a cask, leave it for two months, and then bottle. (Reply to FORSTER.)

Lamb's Fry

Is very delicate if nicely cooked, and superior to calf's liver, which many consider a delicacy. Boil one pound of lamb's fry in plenty of water, drain it, and dry in a clean cloth. Put a little finely-chopped parsley with a teaspoonful of breadcrumbs. Brush the fry over lightly with the yolk of an egg, roll into breadcrumbs and parsley, then fry for about five minutes in boiling fat. Serve very hot with a good thick brown gravy poured round.

Lemon Cream without Cream.

Into a clean stewpan put a pint of milk, the grated rind of three lemons, half a pound of sugar, and one ounce of gelatine, which has been soaked in a small quantity of water; slowly dissolve these over the fire. Then cool a little, and stir in the unbeaten yolks of three eggs, place it on the fire, and heat till the eggs curdle; strain through fine muslin, and, when cool, add the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth; stir all lightly but quickly together, and pour into a wet mould.

Rhubarb Jam

Made now will be appreciated for breakfast or served with boiled puddings. Allow three-quarters of a pound of fruit to each pound of sugar, cut the rhubarb into pieces about one inch long, and put them with the sugar into the stewpan over the fire, adding just sufficient cold water, a little more than a tablespoonful, to prevent the fruit sticking to the pan. The rind of a lemon is a nice addition. Let all boil together for three-quarters of an hour while stirring, and put the jam into pots. (Reply to ASPIRANT.)

USEFUL FOR HOUSE OR STREET WEAR.

Altogether the design (No. 17176) is a particularly accommodating skirt; it is useful for house and street wear; it would make-up well in any soft material and, quite contrary to what one might expect, it takes very little material—for four yards and a half is really very little for so fussy a skirt.



No. 17176. Paper Pattern, 6d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

skirt, suitable for wear with any blouse. Next week, in this column, you will find the design for a bodice suitable to go with it, in case you wish to make a costume complete.

HOME RULE.

NEVER tell a child twice to do a thing. See that he clearly understands what he is told to do; and then, if left undone, the act should be treated as wilful disobedience and punished as such.

Never punish a child by stopping any part of his food, shutting him in a dark room, or in any other way that might injure his mind or body. The humiliation of being undressed and put to bed seldom fails to bring the culprit to a proper frame of mind.

DON'T MARRY A FOP.

SURELY it is unwise to despise a young man who aspires to your hand because his trousers are not of the very latest style, or because he wears a certain kind of collar that you do not like.

Some girls like to think that they are being made love to by a tailor's figure. They judge their sweetheart by his clothes or his speech. What does it matter if your young man does not speak as well as you do? It is purely a matter of education.

A woman who marries wants a man to guard and maintain her, not a suit of clothes with an idiot inside. Therefore, girls, beware of the fop!

PIANO POINTS.

To take care of our pianos, we must neither close them nor keep them open too long. If shut up for too long a period the keys turn yellow, and if they turn yellow, the only way to restore them to whiteness is to have the ivory scraped and polished by an expert workman.

The greatest enemy to the piano is dampness, which will affect not only the polish of the wooden case, but cause the tuning pins, strings, and so on to get rusty. A piano, in fact, to do you credit, should be treated like a consumptive patient. It must not be placed too near the fire in a room, nor too far away; it requires airing on a dry day, and should have its works regularly examined at intervals.

Tuning must be a regular process besides. Furniture polish should never be used on the wood. With a damp wrung-out chamomile leather the surface of the wood should first be cleansed and then polished with a dry chamomile.

HOW TO BANISH SHYNESS.

THERE is probably no defect which causes so much anguish of spirit and discomfort as shyness and blushing. Nobody who has not personally suffered from it can conceive what torture it may cause.

Shyness may proceed from one of two causes—the one physical, the other mental. It is often an affair of health. The nerves are out of order, and the will becomes weak. People shrink from their fellow-creatures, and are filled with an unreasoning horror of meeting or speaking to them. The best cure for this kind of shyness is fresh air, exercise, and cheerful society.

But there is another shyness, and one harder to cure, which comes from mental causes. Its afflicted possessor may be in robust health, and yet so tormented by this inward enemy that she finds all intercourse with other people positively alarming. To meet strangers causes her a severe struggle. She would gladly turn down the first street corner to avoid bowing to even an acquaintance.

In either case, the root of the matter is self-consciousness, and it is only by losing that self-consciousness that self-possession can be gained. As long as one thinks about oneself at all, one will be liable to shyness. The only cure is to thrust all recollection of oneself into the background as much as possible, when one will gradually become natural, happy, and at ease.

To overcome shyness and blushing there is nothing like mixing with people, and every effort possible should be made to achieve this. Force yourself to speak to every one you come in contact with, no matter what it costs you at first. Go on bravely; never mind how much you may blush and stammer. Persist in it, and it will grow easier and easier. Never shrink from putting yourself into positions which may draw attention upon you.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Good Soap

Is a little more expensive to buy, but, if well dried before it is needed for scrubbing, it will save the hands.

Air the House Thoroughly

If you desire its inmates to be healthy, especially in winter, open opposite doors for five to fifteen minutes.

When Meat Appears Tough

Add a tablespoonful of vinegar to the water or gravy in which it is cooked, and simmer very gently.

To Clean Baths and Bedroom Ware

Rub with dry salt, on a piece of coarse flannel. This removes all dirt, does not injure the surface, and leaves all bright and shining. (Reply to MELROSE.)

This Treatment may do for Your Water Colours.

Brush them over with gutta-percha solution. This is quite transparent, and is used to preserve maps. (Reply to ARTIST.)

Silk Cannot be Successfully Ironed Out

Without first sprinkling it with water, rolling it up tightly in a towel, and letting it rest for an hour. If the iron is at all too hot it will injure the silk, so it should first be tried on a scrap of old material.

Ink Stains on Leather.

May be removed by several applications of weak solution of oxalic acid. This should be painted over the stain, and, after a few minutes, be wiped off. When thoroughly dry, repeat the process. (Reply to EVERETT-GOODWINS.)

Piquant Sauce for Keeping

And which makes a good relish for cold meat, is prepared as follows: Steep three ounces of salt, two ounces of scraped horseradish, and half an ounce of ginger in three pints of boiling vinegar. Stand this for twenty-four hours, then strain through thick muslin, and bottle for use. A clove of garlic will be found a great improvement to the above ingredients.

This Inexpensive Tonic

May be easily made by an inexperienced dispenser: Put into an ordinary-sized medicine bottle thirty grains of citrate of iron and quinine. Fill up the bottle with warm water, and allow it to cool. Dose, a tablespoonful in a wineglassful of water after meals. This is a very useful pick-me-up after severe colds, such as you are having, and costs about twopence. (Reply to WELLS, Nan.)

Mutton Suet

Is such an excellent household remedy, that no one should be without it. Procure a little from a butcher, render it down, turn into cakes, and keep for use. This is an excellent remedy for dry lips and chapped hands, to which it should be applied every night. For cuts and bruises it is almost indispensable. For a swelling spread it on a linen rag, and dust thickly with boracic acid powder. If the suet becomes very hard by keeping, it can be melted as required.

To Remove Ink from a Pinafore.

There are several simple recipes which I advise your trying, and, if they fail, have recourse to salts of lemon. (1) Wet the spots with milk, then cover with common salt, or rub the spots with a cut lemon before washing. (2) Rub the stain with a fluid of oxalic acid in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a cupful of hot water. Sometimes you will notice a reddish stain on the material after oxalic acid. In this case apply a weak solution of chloride of lime and wash the fabric at once. (Reply to WESTGATE.)

To Cook a Tongue.

Place it in a saucepan, cover with tepid water, add a seasoning of herbs and whole spices. Bring to the boil and simmer very slowly for two and a half to three and a half hours, according to weight. When cooked remove the skin, brush the entire surface with beaten eggs, and strew with breadcrumbs. Bake for half-an-hour in a steady oven, basting frequently. Serve hot with brown gravy. Boiled potatoes and a green vegetable should accompany this dish.

Isobel

What a Colonial Governor's life is really like—you can read all about his work, his daily life and responsibilities, in the June number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

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When is an Argument not an Argument?

Deadly Battles on Your Tongue.

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Please Help the F.A.F.

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How We Got \$33 2¢.

A Song for You.

The following F.A.F. Special Days have been arranged and will take place on the dates announced: June 11th, "Lord Egmont Day"; June 12th, "Thoma Day"; June 14th, "Masham Grammar School Day"; June 17th, "Ellen's Day"; June 18th, "Eileen's Birthday"; June 19th, "Backsheesh Day"; June 20th, "Ravensbourne Club Day."

Fresh Air Fund Figures.

Anon., 9d.; F. W. Hall, £1; E. Batty, £1; Lieut.-Col. J. Gibson, £2; H. Firth, £2 2s.; Major A. G. Chichester, £1; W. Hartman, £1 1s.; E. F. Eames, 2s. 6d.; A. Kahn, £1 1s.; F. Black, £1; "Maple Leaf," 3s.; "In Memory of a Dear Little Girl," £1 1s.; J. Young, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Bancroft, 5s.; Anon., £2 2s.; Mrs. Lee, £1 1s.; "More Blessed to Give," 3s.; Anon., S. Africa, 4s. 6d.; Nellie's Birthday, £2 2s.; Ouis, 5s.; Major M. Daly, £1; W. Blunt, £2; A Lover of the Country, £2; W. Robotham, 2s.; Sergt. G. Wilson, 1s. 6d.; Misses Aldyth and Enid Tudor, £2 2s.; J. McE., 2s. 6d.; Miss Seabrook, 2s. 6d.; T. R. P., 7s. 6d.; Anonymous, £2; E. V. A., £2 4s.; Lord Egmont, £2 2s.; Horseshoe Tent 1119.
 Indie, 10s.; S. R., 7s. 6d.; H. M. Sullivan and Friends, £4 1s.; E. H., 5s.; Mrs. Beken, £1; "Anon.," £25; S. M. Frazier, 1s.; D. M. Client, 9d.; W. P. Peyton, £3; J. K., 1s.; Miss Sinclair, 1s.; Helper, 1s. 6d.; W. Heywood, 4s. 1d.; H. M., 10s. 1s. Shave, 1s. 6d.; H. Daniel, 1s. 6d.; M. P., 7s. 6d.; P. L. Hayes, £1; Major and Mrs. Rotherani, £4 1s.; W. H. Watts, 10s.; D. G. and C. T., £3 17s.; "Anon.," £5; Miss Eade, £2 2s.; G. J. M., 1s.; Magpie, 4s.; Evelyn Thompson, A.S.C., 2s. 6d.; E. P., 10s.; F. S. Hogg, 10s.; "Glory's Sake," £20; H. A. Hatton, 15s. 6d.; Mr., Mrs., and Miss Flood, £8 2s.; Aberdare Club, per H. Evans, £1 1s.; J. Horricks, £1.

COLLECTED: Miss E. G. Rowe, £10; Harry Boyle's Football Challenge Cup for Schoolboys, £5; Walks Dept., Lloyds Bank, per H. E., £1 17s. 8d.; Messrs. Wensley, 10s.; M. P. E., 4s. 6d.; Canteen of H.M.S. *Argonaut*, £6 15s. 6d.; Volkurst Hotel, per A. Edmunds, £3 3s.; J. Beall, 4s.; Miss M. Sinclair, £1 2s. 6d.; Agnes and Robert Brydon, £1 8s. 6d.; *St. Edward's* Young Men's Club, pro. F. Denby, £10 18s. 8d.

Grand (P. W.) Total. £1,074 6s. 7½d.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fare. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the "Daily Express," Limited, the Standard Newspapers, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninpence pays for a day's happiness for a child; 2s 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

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Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

ers who wish to start the Competition now may obtain from their newsagents issues Nos. 854 to 880 inclusive, containing the first thirty sets of pictures, or they will be sent for 2s. 11d. to any part of Britain, or 3s. 8d. abroad, post free, from the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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One Cash Gift of £100.

One Cash Gift of £50.

One Cash Gift of £25. One Cash Gift of £15. One Cash Gift of £10. 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each. 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each.

THIRTY-FIRST SET.

Opposite you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain object or objects which, either singly or collectively, represent a surname.

What you have to do is to find the longest surname made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

You have now to examine the pictures given, and discover the surname which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the names down in the spaces provided. Then fill in your name and address, cut out the whole of this announcement, and keep this set of pictures by you until all the subsequent sets have appeared.

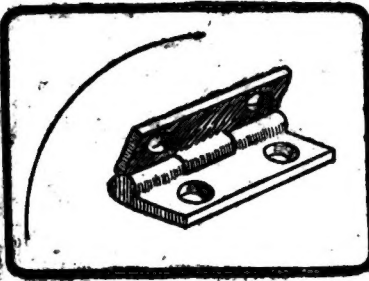
The prize of £500 a Year for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY actually receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions.

A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: One Cash Gift of £250; One Cash Gift of £100; One Cash Gift of £50; One Cash Gift of £25; One Cash Gift of £15; One Cash Gift of £10; 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each; and 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each. No competitor will receive more than one gift.

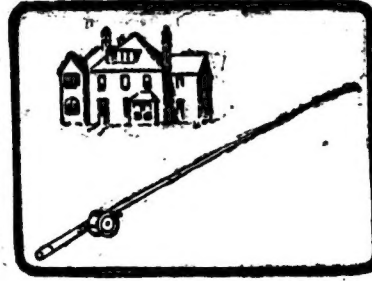
All the surnames depicted in the sketches will be found printed in a list of surnames which we have compiled, and which will be sent free on receipt of a stamped addressed wrapper. Apply to Room 7, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Only surnames which appear in this list will be admitted.



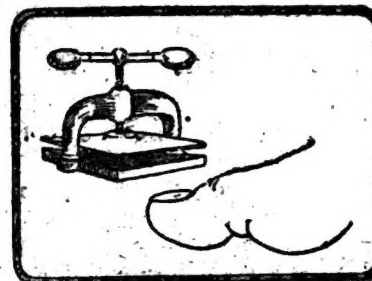
181



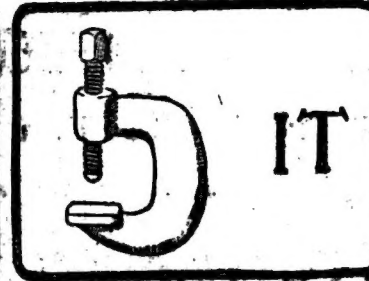
182



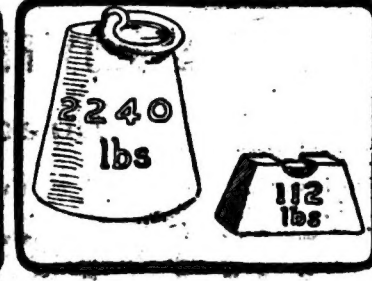
183



184



185



186

Another set of pictures will appear next week.

Name.....

Address.....

Full conditions governing this competition appeared in number 853, and will appear again.

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Anyone who wishes to become a member can do so by signing the form below, cutting it out, and posting it to the Secretary, the Self-Help League, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. There is no subscription. All further particulars will be found in SMITH'S WEEKLY. One penny every Tuesday.

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Occupation.....

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Signature.....
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HOLIDAYS FOR 1907.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.
Good Friday . March 29.	M 8 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24
Easter Monday . April 1.	T 9 16 23 30	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25
Whitsun Monday . May 20.	T 11 18 25	T 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26
Bank Holiday . August 6.	W 5 12 19 26	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24
Christmas Day December 25.	F 19 26	F 16 23 30	F 13 20 27	F 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25
Boxing Day . December 26.	S 20 27	S 17 24 31	S 14 21 28	S 11 18 25	S 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26

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